



ECHOES.



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Echoes from Years Gone By.

BY

JAMES HOGGARTH,

OF KENDAL,

Author of "Evening Strains," &c.

WITH

A SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR'S LIFE.



KENDAL :

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SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR'S LIFE.



JAMES HOGGARTH, the eldest of seven children, all boys, was born July 13, 1834, in a small cottage, at Ambleside, Westmorland. His father, Thomas Hoggarth, was born in the valley of Longsleddale, Westmorland, January 5, 1805, and was the youngest and only son of three children of Thomas Hoggarth, a small farmer, who was born in the vale of Troutbeck, Westmorland, and related to the Woodburne and Birkett families, of Troutbeck.

James, soon after he was born, to all appearance, was unlikely to live long. His father, anxious to have him baptized, walked, by way of Kirkstone Pass, to Troutbeck, to the house of his old friend, the Rev. William Sewell, the Vicar; and, reaching the house about midnight, knocked loudly at the door, which aroused the rev. gentleman, who, thinking that there was something very important requiring his attention, hurriedly jumped out of bed, and, throwing the window wide open, popped out his head, and shouted at the top of his voice, "Whaa's theear at this time o' neet?" "It's me," came the answer. "And whaa's me, I pray tha," said the parson. "I am Thomas Hoggarth, of Ambleside," was the reply. "I have come to ask you if you will oblige me by coming to-night to my house, to baptize a child which seems not likely to live very long. "Aye, aye," shouted the good-natured parson, "stop theear a lile bit, till I git my breeches on, an' we'll beeath



trudge tagidder, I'll apod us ; " and go he did, chatting all the way about the weather and farming, in the broadest dialect, and

In harmony together they
 Cross'd the grey ribs of the old hills,
 Which rear'd their bald and lordly heads
 As in the days when Adam ate
 The fruit, and ruin'd all mankind ;
 But did not mar the lofty scenes
 Beheld from Kirkstone's frowning brow,
 When the white mists have roll'd away.
 True types of grandeur meet the eye :
 The lake's bright gleam ; grave, earnest hills ;
 The village sleeping in the vale ;
 The vast expanse of woodlands, though
 In abrupt beauty, wild in charms ;
 The sloping shoulders of the peaks :
 When view'd the blood leaps in the veins.

Soon after his baptism, however, James rapidly improved in health, grew strong, and was very robust ever after. His father was at that time a nursery gardener, and lived near to the residence of the Poet Wordsworth, with whom he had many pleasant conversations, and numerous were the anecdotes he could relate—some of them of an amusing character—respecting the famous Poet. Thomas Hoggarth was a good scholar and an excellent mathematician, having been educated at Longsleddale, Grayrigg, and Kentmere schools. In those days Longsleddale Church was in a most deplorable condition, without a door, an old thorn bush being placed in the doorway to keep out the cattle, which sometimes found their way into the broken pews. A suitable building is now erected on the site of the old one.

About two years after the birth of James, work becoming scarce, his father removed to Bowness, where he had obtained employment, and here his family was increased by the birth of his second son, Thomas. Not long after this event he removed to Kendal, where he thought he had obtained work of a more suitable character, but in this he was disappointed. He after-

wards got work at Sizergh Castle, then under the stewardship of Mr. W. Ellison, and removed to Sizergh Fell Side, and from thence to Beathwaite Green, five miles S.W. of Kendal, and it is

A small and straggling village, with
Inhabitants—though blunt in speech—
Who never donn'd in gaudy pride,
And ever lov'd a stiff home-brew.

Being now about eight years of age, James was sent a long, dreary distance to a school in Helsington, kept by an old man, who was very blunt in manners, a great chewer of tobacco, and yet an excellent master in his day. He mostly taught his scholars—boys and girls, and even adults—from the columns of the *Westmorland Gazette*. The school was at that time adjoining the chapel, and was approached by a short incline from the chapel yard—

The loft was small, the desk was large,
The forms were few and black with age.
Amid the burial ground it was,
Adjoining the old sacred fane,
Upon the top of a rough hill ;
With long, broad level land in front
That stretches into Arnside Sands,
Whose gleaming brine for miles is seen.
The prospect from the place is rare,
With range of Langdale Pikes in view,
And the Old Man, who tops them all.
In the dim distance, in the west,
Rise Cartmel Fells, in dreamy haze.
Exhilaration and freedom reign
In wildest order, and the storms
Have free access to lash a man
Who travels on this naked spot—
A most unlikely spot on earth
On which to build and keep a school—
With no one living near to tell
Benighted travellers where they are.

A lesson was given to the lad one day ; it consisted of the single word "Thought." "Noo," said the

old master, "if I tell thee what it is, will ta think on? And when thoo hes been at thy seet awhile, I'll shoot o' tha to come and tell me what it is." To his seat the boy went, repeating to himself the word "thought" dozens of times. When he was "shooted" on, he went to the side of the old pedagogue, who asked him to spell it, which he slowly did. "Noo, what is it?" asked the master. "Nay," said the lad, "that's a capper; I hev forgotten as clean as a whistle; it's a lang thing o' some mack. "I'll clear tha thee whistle," said the old fellow, and putting both hands on the lad's back, he, with a savage grin and a great crunch of tobacco, sent him with all his might flying under the desk, where he fell on his face. After this the boy always remembered the meaning of the word "thought." Receiving very little learning at this school, it was abandoned for a penny-a-week school at Beathwaite Green. The instruction he received at this school was also very meagre.

At eleven years of age, James was taken to work with his father in the woods, and

One summer day, when deep in thought,
Beneath the branches of an oak,
An acorn fell upon his head,
And thus he argued with himself :
"Why did the acorn tumble down,
And why did it not upward go?"
He could not find the answer then,
But met with it in after years.

In November, 1850, he was apprenticed to Mr. Robert Seed, bobbin manufacturer, Valley View, Oak Bank, near Kendal. And, in summer time—

It is a most delightful view,
With mountain grandeur all around,
And whitewash'd farmsteads here and there ;
The blue-bells in profusion bloom
Beneath the gnarled oaks and elms
On sloping hills that overlook
The bright, clear streamlet of the Mint,
Which rolls from Sleddale's breezy fells ;

The primrose, with its yellow hue,
Grows undisturbed in the vale,
The violets grace the sunny banks,
Wild creepers clasp the sturdy beech
Where clover scents the verdant meads,
With cowslips waving in the breeze ;
The wild birds pour their sweetest songs
In cooling shades and sylvan bowers ;
And from the summit of the hills
The purling river, in the sun,
Looks like a shining, winding snake.
From an old ash beside the mill,
In early spring, the thristle gave
A most delightful, cheering hymn,
And, like the whirring noise of wheels,
In the grey mill was heard afar.
The hawthorns here are numerous, and
Admired when in bridal veils.
In summer time, from heather depths,
The skylark soars, and full of joy,
Towards the gates of Heaven, and
His strains are sweet when in the skies ;
And, with his universal song,
The cuckoo stops to give a cheer.
When surly Winter comes with snow,
It looks a wilderness for miles ;
And, at a great advantage here,
The starry heavens show at best
Their vast and central living fires.

At this place, having an eager desire for knowledge, and schooling not being within his reach, James determined to acquire as much knowledge as he could by self-instruction from a few borrowed books, to the study of which he devoted his few leisure hours. He followed this up for many long years with weary, yet patient, toil and much self-denial. Often he had to go behind walls and hedges, and even into the woods, to obtain the necessary quiet to pursue his studies. Seldom was he found missing from a cheerless room in the depth of winter, often burning the midnight candle in his pursuit of knowledge, but without a fire to warm him. This, however, did not dishearten him nor make him give up

pursuing the object he had in view, but was rather an incentive to him to go on in the way he had planned out :—

He ever lov'd to tread the path
Of wisdom, and to seek its pearls,
Which always are within the reach
Of those who have a willing mind ;
To stoop and pick them up ourselves—
We are no losers in the end.

Being blessed with a good memory, James made rapid progress, and, in time, attacked algebra, Euclid, plane and spherical trigonometry, mensuration, astronomy, the higher mathematics, and many other sciences, a considerable knowledge of which subjects he acquired without help from anyone. Frequently on a beautiful summer evening, when the day's labour was ended, he would climb alone

The altar stairs of Nature, and
On limestone platforms stand and watch
The setting sun, whose bars of flame
Reach'd over the calm brow of night ;
And the grey garments of the clouds
Were chang'd for folding robes of gold,
Shedding their lustre on the earth ;
Admiring eyes with wonder fill'd,
Not soon forgetting what they saw—
A summer sunset rosy close ;
And sometimes, when the showers pass'd,
Resplendent were the rainbow frills.

James Hoggarth toiled on for years in the pursuit of knowledge, and amused himself, at intervals, by writing rhyme. His poems, &c., having accumulated to a considerable number, he, in 1880, placed them before the public under the title of "Evening Strains." One thousand copies of that book have been sold, and the edition having run out, it is now succeeded by the present volume, "Echoes from Years Gone By." It may be truly said that the

Empire of thought is free to all :
There's room for everyone to move,
And if a straw is seen to float
Alone on Life's rough, restless tide ;

Though but a straw, it has its use,
A stack is made of many straws :
And so it is with human things—
One at a time abundance make.

In 1888 the Author's eyesight failed, the result of glowcoma or extreme tension. It was not until the use of the right eye was lost that the best advice was sought in Liverpool and Manchester Eye Infirmaries, where the Author underwent several operations. After an operation on the left eye, the sight was so affected that ever since it has been to him as if living in a dense, white haze. Employment had to be abandoned. He left the place with which he had been associated so long with a heavy heart and in deep sorrow. On turning round to take farewell of the familiar scene, the following lines were produced :—

When Spring comes round to clothe yon hills
With verdure of the liveliest hue,
The wildbird's song the valley fills
With music that is ever new.
Yon fields, and woods, and shady groves
Yield pleasures which no tongue can tell :
I've trod the valley's bright alcoves :
Farewell, ye scenes of Spring, farewell !

When Summer comes, with soft warm hand,
She gently touches all so fair ;
I've gaz'd, as in a fairy land,
So fond was I her charms to share.
My almost sightless eyes will not
Again find joys in bosky dell ;
But they shall never be forgot :
Farewell, ye Summer scenes, farewell !

When Autumn came, with brown and gold,
And flung around her fragrance mild
From fading flowers, growing old,
All weak, and wan, and reconcil'd,
Amid the scenes I e'er could find
Delicious joys on brake and fell :
Ye hang a torchlight in my mind :
Farewell, ye Autumn scenes, farewell !

When Winter came, with dearth and gloom,
 I sought her white and timid child—
 The snowdrop—where no rivals bloom,
 Upon a bare and cheerless wild ;
 And though amid the drifted snow,
 Bedew'd with tears, I priz'd it well ;
 A genial warmth it did bestow :
 Farewell, ye Winter scenes, farewell !

And now I pass away from all,
 Affliction snaps the bonds of years ;
 My gloom is like a funeral pall,
 My grief is great, it breaks in tears ;
 The friends of years gone by look cold ;
 The ties yet hold me like a spell :
 I'm now disabled, grey, and old :
 Farewell to Valley View, farewell !

The subject of this sketch now settled down in a comfortable home of his own in Stricklandgate, Kendal. Being of a quiet and retiring disposition, many kind and sympathising friends gathered around him. He is also blessed with a loving and sociable helpmeet, whose companionship has done much to alleviate the affliction of his malady. The Poet Wordsworth gives a true description of her when he says :—

“ With eye serene,
 The very pulse of the machine,
 A perfect woman, nobly plann'd,
 To warn, to comfort, and command ;
 And yet a spirit, still and bright,
 With something of an angel light.”

The Author, since his enforced retirement from the activities of life, has also solaced himself by meditation. Some of the thoughts which have passed through his mind, and which have been principally inspired by a life-long study of the Book of Nature, he now offers to the public in “ Echoes from Years Gone By.” Many of the pieces in this edition have appeared in the local newspapers—the *Kendal Mercury and Times*, the *Westmorland Gazette*, and the *Kendal and County News*.



THE PREFACE.



KNOWLEDGE is power, and is a mighty lever to stir the world. It may be acquired in various ways, but not without industry and perseverance. The getting of knowledge is as the desire for riches, it increases in the acquisition of it.

Knowledge wants toiling for, God means it so,
He does not make the man with wisdom full ;
He places it within the reach of all,
And the first step to get it is to try ;
The progress may be slow, but it is sure ;
A misty gleam at first appears, and then
The Star of Hope holds out a brighter train,
Till further on the way more power comes,
Which lifts the man above his brother man.
God always helps the man who helps himself
To gather wisdom with an honest aim,
And those who honour Him, He'll honour them.

Nature everywhere abounds in themes for song to the poetic genius ; even the

Common daisy in the pastures,
Growing in the grass among—
Lambkins will not touch, nor crop it—
'Tis a pleasant theme for song.

The seasons have endless varieties of subjects—

There's gladness in the Autumn sun
And music in the falling leaves.

The man who has no will of his own to seek wisdom is the most helpless and shiftless of social beings. His brain is a mere receptacle of shreds and patches gathered up here and there—a chaos of second-hand ideas—and while he wavers and hesitates, the golden opportunity slips by, and leaves him ignorant of, and bewildered with, the beauties of Nature. Not every one, I know, possesses poetic genius—this is an implanted gift, not an acquired taste, although it can only be developed by cultivation—but every one endowed with reason and a small amount of intelligence may improve himself and gather a vast amount of useful knowledge.

To the poetic mind, grand it is to be in the awful presence of the eternal hills, whose majestic heads tower into the clouds, yet whose solid feet linger on the earth, as if unwilling to leave it; and when climbing their rugged sides, or scaling their lofty peaks, what charms and prospects are presented to the eye. The very stones look up, ready to write

Immortal songs upon the mind,
And man may bring them forth, and Time
Will hang them in its spacious hall :
In after years, all eyes may see
Them hanging there, as new and bright
As when they first were hung aloft.

Most pleasant it is when fickle April arrives, that coquettish maiden, whose lips ever smile, but whose eyes are often full of tears—tears that are caught up by

the impassionate sun and woven into the beautiful and brilliant rainbow, which like

A peaceful herald, stands so high
 That all may understand and know
 That God will never with a flood
 Again the world overthrow.
 He puts it in the show'ry clouds,
 Across the plain and mountain brow ;
 It is the covenant with Noe,
 As seen in the supernal bow.

Sweet it is for the eye to rest on the soft green grass and the sloping meadows, yellow and shining from the buttercups in the burnished rays of the welcome sun. Pleasant is the melody that runs through the branches of those grand "immemorial elms" that stand, like watchful sentinels, in the shadowy forest, full of the feathered tribe ; whose songs, tender and sweet, touch and thrill the hearts of all who wander beneath a thousand fantastic shapes displayed on the many huge trees growing around, and

Whose strong arms stand out—defying the storms—
 Nature has wrought into curious forms.

Marvellously beautiful, the delicately-folded buds of tree and flower are ready to burst into ripe beauty on the morrow by the refreshing warmth of the returning sun,

Who gives his cheering beams to all,
 Who lights the east again ;
 His fertile splendours gently fall
 On mountain, lake, and plain.
 O blessed morn, O glorious sun,
 How infinite the bound ;
 Across the azure sky doth run
 His vast harmonious round.

The "solitude" people speak about—where is it ? I

was once told about a solitary valley ; it was described to me as "a gloomy solitude." To it I went one day, but had no sooner arrived than there came into view many sparkling cascades singing down the hills, whose music, at a distance, was clear and sweet, like the tones of silver bells. A beautiful and harmless squirrel was seated in a tree, cracking nuts ; lichens and feathery ferns were nodding around me ; a wholesome and refreshing breeze was dancing through the valley, kissing and caressing everything it came in contact with, bearing on its wings the sweet and subtle perfume from the honeysuckle clinging to the rocks, and all the trees were clapping their hands for joy. The further I went up an oblique path on the sloping brown hill, and more sublime became the scene. The white projecting crags looked calmly on from all sides, and seemed to ask the question, "What think you of us ? We have been occupying our present position for ages and seem little the worse for the storms that have beaten upon our heads." Now and then the sun looked through rifted clouds, giving the lordly hills broad golden patches on their aged sides. The longer I stayed in this so-called solitude, the more pleasure I derived from what I saw, heard, and felt, and I came away fully-convinced that there is no such thing as solitude in Nature.

The ever troublous and mournful sea has inexhaustible stores of subjects for thought and song. There is

Music in the ocean wild,
Whose briny spray from leaping waves
Is whirled by the winds.

Especially beautiful it is, when his majesty the King of Day vacates his undecaying throne, to see the fleecy clouds gathered around him, arrayed in garments of brilliant sheen, and many staying behind in sapphire seas, watching his departure to far-distant lands. And in the summer time how sweetly,

Gently, and calmly 'round us falls the night ;
There is sweet music in the passing breeze ;
And even in the slow decrease of light,
The wearied spirit finds a source of ease.

And while Night, like a thoughtful nurse, draws her sable veil over Nature,

The dimming earth grows strangely still,
and in the cottage and the mansion there are

The closing of the eyes that weep,
The healing of the souls that pray.

Often when Nature is hushed into deep repose, and the noise of the world's on-going is no longer heard, there comes from the eastern sky a crowning glory, surrounded by clouds of wavy silver. At first

Beyond the trees there grows a hazy gleam,
It spreads across the sky a radiance fair ;
The dark lake glitters with a sudden light,
The silver'd clouds divide, and vale and hill
Are cover'd with a flood of glorious sheen,
And the fair moon reigns regal Queen of Night.

How beautiful it is, on a clear evening in Winter, to stand on some open plain or lofty eminence, and survey the glittering host above—the millions of brilliant globes far away in unfathomable space, worlds beyond worlds, suns beyond suns, systems beyond systems, all moving

in their own order, and many of them so distant that thousands of years elapse before the light from them reaches our earth. There is nothing calculated to enlarge the mind so much as the study of astronomy. It shows man how insignificant he is, and at the same time demonstrates the inconceivable wisdom, greatness, and power of the Creator and Upholder of the universe. A man, however poor, who possesses a mind willing to acquire wisdom, may ask questions with the immortal Newton.

Perhaps some of my readers may think this a curious preface to my rhymes; but as Nature is the book from which the Poet principally receives his inspiration, I thought a few remarks on the beauties she unfolds to those who have eyes to see her charms, and ears to hear her melodies, would not be out of place as an introduction to "Echoes from Years Gone By." As to the pieces contained in this book, I do not intend to say anything about them; they must speak for themselves. I always like people to speak of things as they find them. Let each reader judge for himself or herself. I conclude by quoting the words of John Clare, the Poet:—

"I never feared the critic's pen,
Nor lived by my renown;
I found the verses here and there,
And then I wrote them down."

JAMES HOGGARTH.

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Echoes.



THE SABBATH.

“Restrain thy foot from doing thy own pleasure on My
Holy Day.”



SACRED joy, to men and angels known,
Comes on God's day, emblem of Paradise :
Prayers and holy contemplations rise
Before the great white mediatorial Throne.

The artisan awhile from toil is free :
The outside world does not disturb his breast ;
With thankful heart at home he takes his rest—
Looks forward to the rest that is to be.

With faces clean and bright, his prattling boys
And girls, all in their Sunday best, are eye'd
By him with pleasure and with honest pride,—
Throughout the week he'd scarcely heard their noise.

With helpmeet often, and released from care,
Attends the sanctuary each doth know so well ;
From the old organ and the steeple bell
Sweet harmonious numbers fill the air.

He looks the preacher full upon the face,
 Whose sermons oft have drowsy spirits stirred :
 And from the Fount of Life, the Living Word,
 His soul is fed, sustained by divine grace.

The poor man's prayer is heard when said aright,
 As well as those who clasp renown, and gold,
 And titles, and who vast possessions hold ;—
 Meek, contrite hearts are precious in God's sight.

The horse, in field or parrock, seems to know
 That he, too, has a right to rest at will ;
 And surely through the village sings the rill
 With clearer tones and with a lighter heart.

Even Thy flowers in the fields among,
 They, too, seem lighter on the Sabbath day,
 And from the grove, the lane, and the highway
 The birds pour forth a sweeter, nobler song.

The blacksmith's forge is silent like the mills,
 The rustic's left his plough to winds and rain ;
 He cares not for it nor seeks it again
 Until to-morrow's sun gilds eastern hills.

O blessed day ! O glorious, golden morn !
 That on a world of sin and death doth break :
 Most precious boon, it comes once ev'ry week
 To sooth Time's travellers, weary and careworn.



SONG OF THE SNOWDROP.

(Preston Patrick Churchyard.)



THROUGH deep, black night of the underground
 I come to light from a peace profound,
 With lustrous mien, but plain :
 O fall earth's fairest flowers that blow,
 I dare Jack Frost and my sister Snow :
 Remote from May I reign.

Tender and curt, and with not much breath,
I push through the hard and loamy earth,
Peerless in shade I bloom ;
Modest and pure, I e'er look above,
My strength is small, but I have much love ;
Often I chasten gloom.

The bee will not know that I have been,
The cuckoo has ne'er my white head seen :
Before they come I go.
My thin white lips could a sweet kiss give,
Ere the break of green I cease to live,
In length'ning days and thaw.

King Winter is ruthless, bold and strong,
His gusts hurt not, howls he loud and long ;
Dauntless I face his frown.
Snow-flakes oft fuse into puny baths,
And snow on snow brook the wayside paths,
Fails he to crush me down.

The rose doth blush like a maiden fair,
She sends her gifts through the summer air
On wings of fanning breeze :
And I, though humble, deck Winter's breast,
Spotless and soft, of all flowers erst ;
I've grace and art to please.


Child of the storms, born in cold and gloom—
'Midst marcid grass on the sombre tomb,
Oft with choice tufts I grow.
Esteemed and chaste, together we
Have often drawn much sympathy
For dear, dead ones below.





YULE-TIDE.

TUNE—" *Rollicking Tom.*"

OME let us have a roundelay
 Of ringing song, a hearty stave :
 King Christmas' joys none will gainsay,
 Be he a hero, rogue, or knave.
 He comes his jocund, dainty round,
 Let every heart be lighted up ;
 His stay is curt, with garlands crowned,
 With smiling face and flowing cup.

Then lip the cup and sound to all
 Within your view a brimming toast
 Of love and joy to great and small :
 A rare old gem is Christmas roast.

Let work and craft be laid aside,
 And let old friends be brought to mind,
 For mirth is right at Christmas-tide :
 Then foot it light, leave care behind,
 Upraise a chiming peal of song
 And laughter round the blazing yule.
 May each one's joy keep bright and long,
 While grey-beard Christmas holds his rule.

Then give the winds rude care and gloom,
 And all in Yule-tide take a part ;
 Joys almost dead oft flower and bloom
 With warm, firm grasp of hand and heart.

So here's good health to friend and foe,
 To false ones and to leal and true ;
 To-morrow's bode of ill forego,
 And all an evil deed eschew :
 May no one be on fraud intent,
 Nor nurse an ill-will far and near :
 A brave old Yule-tide wisely spent
 Brings forth a bright and glad New Year.

Then seize the bowl, each thirsty soul,
 And drain the glowing beaker dry ;
 May thrilling joy all tongues employ,
 Gay old Yule-tide will soon roll by.



ELEGY ON WINTER.

(Written on the margin of a Moor.)

WINTER, rough, grim, old burly Winter reigns :
 The trees, his surly subjects, stand in awe ;
 His bleak benumbing sleet and slumb'rous
 snow

Impede the traveller's route across the plains
 Who homeward hies with slippery steps and slow.

An old grey owl gives vent to a complaint
 Beside the fleshless, uninviting larch,
 Whose brawny arms half shield a single arch,
 The village bridge, with stone work old and quaint,
 A witness unto many an aimless march.

Audacious winds, impatient and austere,
 Like spirits lost, of light and hope bereft,
 Stir up the leaves thrown out to right and left,
 Delineators of the fallen year,
 So late the trophies in old Nature's web.

The ceaseless sounding songs from crystal rill
Reach mortal ears in aught but flush of tune ;
Untiled roofs of copse and wood assume
A grinning aspect, and a law fulfil
Opposed to sanctity and summer's June.

With a rude strain of an ungainly sound,
The piping blackbird from a deep alcove,
Of pristine glory strip'd, wings to the grove,
Where its forsaken summer's nest is found,
Built when the wheat and corn together throve.

In warping mists, like marshall'd armies range,
The amplitude and skirts of fen and vale,
Which ne'er have been describ'd, for words do fail
To fathom Nature and expound her change,
A choice of words falls short of a detail.

The nem'ral hills display large flecks of light,
Flung from the sun behind each pond'rous crag
Of rifted, devious clouds, which slowly drag
Their loads of gold before the gates of night ;
Far in the east the moon behind doth lag.

Three home-bound choughs wheel on towards the rocks
Beside the troublous ever-sounding sea ;
A farmer's cart with forage on the lea,
With man and barking dog, search out the flocks—
The sheep and lambs, that each may fodder'd be.

The book which Nature owns and holds to view
Exhibits portraits bold, sublime, and rare :
The am'rous brooks, absonous woods, and air
Are pages yet unread, yet ever new ;
View how we will, there's topic everywhere.

While Winter holds his sceptre o'er the woods,
And from his northern home of frost and snow
He rules the sky and naked earth below,
The songsters' healing streams and gushing floods
Of music and of song refuse to flow.

See, hear, proud man, a lesson true and stern —
 Earth's visage marr'd, her scenes look black and grey :
 Once it was light and clad in Spring's full play ;
 A lesson this wherewith to teach and learn—
 Life's chequer'd path leads to a Winter's day.

In life we pass through many a smarting gust ;
 The ups and downs we face are rank and rife,
 Are rough, stern masters in the school of life,
 To shape our means and aims wherein we trust
 While veering through a world of change and strife.



TO AN EARLY BUTTERCUP.

A simple gem 'midst hail and snow,
 A cup of shining gold ;
 Fresh blooms as bright as thine will glow
 When thou art torn and old.

A WAYSIDE tiny object, thou,
 Defying wind and rain and cold ;
 Alone upon the hill's bare brow
 'Thou lifts thy fragile bowl of gold.
 No sister flow'ret do I see
 To tell, like thee, fair Spring is near ;
 Thrice welcome thou art unto me,
 Thy presence gladly I revere.

Of low retreat, wee simple thing,
 Thou gives a joy which lightens care ;
 A harbinger thou art of Spring,
 Though storm and tempest fill the air.
 May I likewise, through care and strife,
 Lift up my head in life's dark hour ;
 May I be of some use in life,
 As taught by thee, sweet common flower.

A PRIMROSE BY THE WAY.

The primrose—Nature's yellow crown—
 The Queen of Seasons—lovely Spring—
 Wears it in thorny glen.



PRIMROSE in a country lane,
 Amid the roots of an old thorn,
 Against the bold, invasive rain
 It nobly stands at eve and morn,
 And when the rains have come and gone
 It still keeps its own colour on.

The wayward wind sometimes salutes,
 With breathings soft, the sweet pale thing ;
 At other times would, with the roots,
 Blow it away or rudely fling
 It far across the stones and sods ;—
 At such it only laughs and nods.

Night, with its blackness, tries to shut
 The lovely form forever out.
 Though night is real, it does not put
 Existing things beyond all doubt ;
 Throughout the hours of night and gloom
 The primrose keeps its precious bloom.

On life's wild waste we all may see
 Or find a flow'r to cheer us on,
 To cheer in dark adversity,
 To soothe till threat'ning clouds are gone :
 A light on life's dark wintry way
 Sometimes emits a cheering ray.

Each one of us can bring a joy,
 Can make a weary, sad heart glad :
 We need not go to find employ
 Away from home, 'tis to be had
 Within ourselves, where'er we go
 To bring a joy to friend and foe.

TO A SKYLARK.

Grey, common bird he is, and yet
 He takes a heavenward flight ;
 With cheering song he mounts aloft
 At morning, noon, and night.

ALL hail ! sweet bard, where art thou going now ?
 What is thy message to the azure skies ?
 A round black spot against the clouds art thou,
 Fading in space, to watching, straining eyes.

Has earth no home wherein thy heart may rest ?
 Hath it no place to sing thy sacred song ?
 Soar on, sweet bird, with gems upon thy breast,
 Young morning gave thee when the heath among.

Rills sing with joy, and beauties landscapes crown,
 All things look fair 'neath Day's uplifted hand,
 Thy song, fair bird, thy melting strains come down
 Like cheering music from the Better Land.

Though lost to view, a sound like silver bells
 Falls softly over silent, sylvan dells.



THE RAINBOW.

“ He setteth His bow in the clouds.”

BEFORE me what a splendid object I
 Behold upon the clouds of falling rain—
 The bow of promise, touching land and sky,
 The promise not to drown the world again.

And He who made the promise made the bow ;
 He lifts it up so high that all may see.
 The great Unseen, He is as faithful now
 As when His servant Noah heard the decree.

The Storm King passes on and leaves behind
 His diamonds, while the rainbow holds its sway :
 A theme is here for every thoughtful mind—
 God sets his bow, He gently speaks to-day :
 To you and me our Heavenly Father's true ;
 What He has promised us He'll surely do.



A SEPTEMBER MORN.

Summer has had its day, and now, when old,
 Bequeaths its wealth to Autumn, till the Frost
 Spirit comes, and all is gone before the grey,
 Bluff, deriding Winter comes to reign.

THE earth throws off her murky veil,
 Night takes her flight :
 In the far west the moon turns pale,
 And, waiting, mourns the death of night :
 An old Scotch song the milkmaid sings,
 And, with her singing, morning brings
 Thrice welcome light.

A northern wind mourns as it goes
 O'er hill and dale,
 The sun looks on and lightly throws
 To sky-crown'd hills a golden veil ;
 And by the mountains sterile pass
 The blackbird sings as gladly as
 The Nightingale.

Nature stands forth, aglow with smiles,
 With fruit and grain :
 The harvest-coloured fields for miles
 Issue a tale of gladsome strain,
 And on the briars' prickly hems
 Are thickly cluster'd diamond gems
 Of fallen rain.

Summer, like an old man worn out,
 Lies down to die ;
 The birds, divorc'd, seek without doubt
 A brighter and a milder sky ;
 And Autumn, fruit-crown'd Autumn, reigns,
 And in the woods and rural lanes
 The dead leaves lie.

Morn fades, like other earthly things
 She quickly dies,
 And, clasping noon approaching, brings
 A rest from toil which none denies ;
 Morn gave her joys, but where are they ?
 Like summer clouds, they've pass'd away
 O'er life's fair skies.



THE LINNET.

The linnet is a common bird,
 With simple song, and sometimes we
 Enjoy an old song often heard
 In sunny youth when life was free.



H ! what hast thou got up there, sweet bird,
 Thy song comes down to me ;
 'Tis long since I such notes have heard ;
 Is thy nest in that tree,
 Sweet bird, is thy nest in that tree ?

The shadows fall, and the night is here,
 Thy form I fail to see ;
 It is not night when thy voice is near :
 Is thy nest in that tree,
 Sweet bird, is thy nest in that tree ?

Thy song is low ; it is soft and sweet,
 'Tis full of life and glee ;
 My heart responds, 'tis with joy replete :
 Is thy nest in that tree,
 Sweet bird, is thy nest in that tree ?

Who taught thee to sing that song so rare,
 Which floats through the air so free ;
 It takes me back to my youth once fair :
 . Is thy nest in that tree,
 Sweet bird, is thy nest in that tree ?



WORK.

(Suggested while looking over the wall of a cornfield when the Reapers were whistling.)

WORK, while the flush of morning
 Gladdens the face of the sky ;
 Work, while the light is adorning
 Mountains and valleys close by.
 Work, while the rain-drops are falling,
 Work, till the storm has gone past ;
 Time and its chances are rolling,
 Taking us onward so fast.

Wait—till the summer is ended,
 Wait—till the reapers we see,
 Wait—till the sheaves have been gather'd :
 What will the harvest then be ?
 Oh, what will the harvest be ?

Work, while the sun is yet shining,
 Night will compel all to cease ;
 Work with a will, ne'er repining,
 Work on, in love and in peace ;
 Work with an earnest endeavour,
 Work with the weak and the strong,
 Work and sing on, striving ever ;
 Brief is the labourer's song.

Wait till the summer is ended, &c.

Work, for the summer is fleeting,
 Work, for there's plenty to-day ;
 Work, for the after-meeting,
 Time has its change and decay ;
 Work, ere the dawning of sorrow
 Burst on the soul—'tis too late ;
 Work, for there's none for to-morrow—
 Death may have closed the gate.

Wait till the summer is ended, &c.

Work, though the beacon-light quiver,
 Fading from view more and more ;
 Work, till you've reached the river,
 Touching the far-away shore ;
 Work, while the shadows are creeping,
 Work, till oppression is down,
 Work, till the time comes for reaping,—
 Then for the conqueror's crown !

Wait till the summer is ended, &c.



OCTOBER SUNSET.

Far, far above all earthly care
 Sol's brilliant splendour beams ;
 And, as he shines serenely there,
 How near to Heav'n he seems.



AY's good old King has reach'd horizon'd skies,
 A mellow grandeur stretches 'thwart the fells,
 And low, soft sounds issue from distant bells,
 When drowsy day 'midst crowning glory dies.

In seas of flame the fire-wing'd orb of day
 Shows signs of life, and clouds around him fold :
 To all the clouds he gives his unbought gold,
 And meekly glides to other lands away.

The work is o'er, the race, so grand, is run,
The goal is reached, the storm and tempest past ;
The crowding clouds, like friends, behold him last—
Symbolic of a wide-spread triumph won.

A scene more lovely earth could not bestow,
A lingering beauty hovers round the west,
Unbroken bars of light and Nature's best
Fall on the mural, sterile hills below.

While burden'd clouds bear each a golden part,
A holy calm sweeps thro' the ambient air ;
To wondering eyes is dealt a sacred share,
As if an angel touch'd the human heart.

A strange, deep feeling steals across the mind,
The eye long lingers o'er the mystic scene,
Whose fainting hues hold out that one hath been
Who went his round and left a trace behind.

And is it not in life's rough way the same ?
The pathway trod hath here and there a light
Whose scatter'd rays attract and wane at night,
Which doth much stress and admiration claim.

Life's source of light when fled we do deplore,
Reflection brings relief and lingers on,
And when from view the cause of light has gone,
Thoughts follow after to the unseen shore.

Then for the change and for the worst prepare,
Life's joys are few and but of brief illume ;
Turn how we will, a path leads to the tomb ;
Decay and Death are hovering in the air.





AUTUMN REVERIE.

The cascades glitter in the sun,
And through the woodland, strewn with leaves,
The waters hurry on to reach
The crystal brook that sings below.

AUTUMN, with a mild, soft tread,
With flush of light and rich in hue,
Comes forth, and who can misconstrue
Her lessons over summer fled.

A crest of yews and towering spruce
Laugh on at change the oaks assume,
Each spiral, grim, and sable plume
Stands proof of Autumn's reproduce.

Ravines, defiles, and wooded fells
Give up their robes which summer wove ;
Attractions cease within the grove,
A dearth pervades the stretching dells.

Enthralling strains of music cease
To stir the heart of man to praise ;
The sinuous woods' unpencill'd maze
Assumes a calm, unbroken peace.

Where are the gay, untiring birds
That spoke the fields and woods as theirs,
And gave off-hand unask'd for airs,
The notes and songs unmark'd by words?

Yon far west, broad, volum'nous cloud
Exhibits scenes of rolling gold ;
The outside picture, real and bold,
Invite conceptions deep and loud.

The fruits which sober Autumn brings
 To orchards, wilds, and garden bowers
 Were nurtured through the summer hours,
 Born in the morns and warmth of spring.

Life hath its seasons, and they give
 A warning—Age is on before :
 Unnumber'd blessings round us pour
 To teach us how to die or live.

Most truly bless'd are they and wise
 Who cultivate each day to bear
 The fruits that autumn life may share
 When Age displays its waning skies.

Hope's luring presence interweaves
 A net-work in our lives to be ;
 But woe be to the human tree
 Which carries nothing else but leaves.



AMID THE STORM.

“ He walketh upon the wings of the wind.”—PSALM civ. 3.



STORM, an awful storm, one night
 Arose with wings of strength and might ;
 Fierce and wild the north wind flew,
 Loud and cruel blasts he blew ;
 Ocean, lake, and awe-struck land,
 Groan'd beneath his driving hand ;
 Trembling trees around me roar'd,
 Rain in merciless torrents pour'd,
 The trees to root and centre shook,
 And joy the heart of flesh forsook :
 A still, small voice, in undertones,
 Spoke gently in the wind's harsh groans,
 “ Be not afraid, 'tis I ! ”

The dauntless king still urged on,
Disturbing all things, fearing none ;
With vengeful ire he smote the hills,
To fury lash'd the foaming rills ;
With unrestraining power he went
Towards the sky—the clouds he rent ;
Creation groaned beneath his sway,
With blustering wrath he held his way :
The dread was deeper—Night's black pall
Hung deep and sternly over all—
And yet a voice, in accents mild,
Came thro' the rain and storm so wild—
“ Be not afraid, 'tis I ! ”

He sought the woods with savage main,
The trees he drenched with smarting rain ;
Around his boundless realms he pass'd,
A subject here and there he grass'd :
To cave and cavern on he wheel'd,
His dashing, tearing face reveal'd :
I felt his keen, dividing rod—
Mysterious are the ways of God—
While struggling with the storm's rough breath,
Pour'd on the bleak, maternal earth :
A still small voice, in whispers low,
Came thro' the rain and blinding snow,
“ Be not afraid, 'tis I ! ”

“ Be not afraid, 'tis I ”—each word
In bygone centuries has been heard,
When a few men at sea one night,
With home and land far out of sight,
A rough and threat'ning storm arose
Which dealt to each heartrending throes.
No hand seemed near to guide and save ;
And, while each fear'd a watery grave,
A Form unseen was standing by,
And watching with a calm, mild eye :
Ere long a voice to each pale form
Spoke louder than the thund'ring storm—
“ Be not afraid, 'tis I ! ”

The powerful sentence lives on still :
 It speaks in valley, dale, and hill ;
 It speaks while golden moments fly ;
 It speaks when weary Age draws nigh ;
 It speaks throughout life's winding vale ;
 It speaks when hearts and flesh do fail ;
 It speaks in farewell's piercing sound ;
 It speaks in death's appalling round ;
 It speaks in sorrow's warping gloom ;
 It speaks beside the gaping tomb ;
 It speaks in bursts of noisy air ;
 It speaks in the calm hush of prayer—
 Be not afraid, 'tis I ! ”

(The above lines were suggested while the Author was out in a fearful storm which swept over England, uprooting many trees and doing great damage to property, on the evening of October 27, 1886.)



BE EARNEST.

To be in earnest and to do good are like a golden thread let down from above to tie Heaven and earth, spiritual and temporal, God and man, together.



IVE me a heart that feels a joy
 When summer days have fled ;
 Give me a hand that finds employ
 When cherished hopes are dead.
 The heart and hand together go,
 They work for good or ill ;
 And life, though fraught with care and woe,
 Has blessings in it still.

Old Father Time is passing by,
 His golden bowl will break ;
 The hour for work is always nigh,
 And earnest efforts speak.

The good you do is for all time,
 And will not lose its praise ;
 For deeds well done, like silver chimes,
 Will echo on for days.



THE ROBIN.

When gold-bell'd crocuses so fair
 With soft south winds are bobbing,
 And frost and vapours fill the air,
 Then comes our friend—the Robin.



An Autumn morn awoke with deep, red, flushing
 face ;
 The clouds, in heavy folds, brought forth a silver
 shower ;
 When gently, sweetly sung, in its accustom'd place,
 A robin, mild and free, and in a diamond bower.

The stunted trees were bare, the bramble and the sloe,
 A keen, cold wind gave place unto a peaceful hush ;
 The leaves were gather'd up, and underneath the snow,
 Beside the diamond bower—a little hawthorn bush.

And when his hymn is sung, so full of zeal and stress,
 Down from a slender shelf, on silent wing he comes—
 A living ruby he on Autumn's tatter'd dress—
 In thankfulness he takes the kindly given crumbs.

And what cares he for storm, the storm may beat on still,
 His little songs the same as in the summer tide ;
 Though other birds have fled, he seeks the window-sill ;
 A hearty welcome rings from everyone inside.

The birds whose music thrill'd when summer skies were
blue,

Like Hope's bright flowers, went when trying Winter
came :

When adverse fortune frowns, life's friends are false
and few ;—

The faithful robin sings through trying change the
same.

When weary sadness mourns he'll flit from bough to
stem,

And sing his summer song, though death and blight
oppose :

From every grade in life this animated gem,

Thro' constant faithfulness, has gained loud applause.

But why do friends arise when all looks bright and gay,

And then prove false and cold when telling wants
revolve ?

A few more rolling suns, and then we pass away,

But friendship's clasping ties should not so soon
dissolve.



THE RUNNING STREAM.

(Suggested while walking over Cartmel Fell.)



It starts from the heart of a hill,

Like silver it gleams in the sun ;

It sings as it runs to the rill,

Whose water for ages has run.

The world may drink from its breast,

And all, without fee, may receive ;

The thirsty may vanquish his thirst—

'Tis as free as the air that we breathe.

Its fount is of heavenly birth,
 Its virtue and health are divine ;
 And who can tell its true worth ?
 'Tis far above rubies and wine.
 The face of the bright, gleaming sky
 Is seen in its bosom so fair :
 The clear, shining, crystal stream try—
 No poisonous dregs are found there.

The bountiful stream don't despise,
 'Tis offer'd to man as he plods ;
 The nectar drops down from the skies ;
 The beautiful river is God's :
 Whoever doth drink of this may
 Have woes to encounter and strife ;
 But blessed, thrice blessed are they
 Who drink from the River of Life !



WHERE SHALL WE MEET ?

TUNE—" *The Beautiful Home Far Away.*"



HALL we meet in the regions of light,
 Where streets are resplendent with gold :
 Where day never breaks into night,
 And no one will ever grow old ?

Shall we meet on the sinless shore,
 Where waves never dash into foam ;
 Where warfares are ended and o'er ;
 Shall we meet in a beautiful home ?

Shall we meet on the beautiful hills,
 Where trees are of ageless sheen ;
 Where music doth issue from rills,
 And vales are of fadeless green ?

Shall we meet under beautiful skies,
 Where tempest and storm never move,
 Where angry commotions ne'er rise :
 Shall we meet in the mansions above ?

Shall we meet where a parting's unknown,
 Where sorrows are banish'd and care ;
 Shall we meet in the sight of The Throne,
 And join with the friends who are there ?

Shall we meet where the Saviour reigns,
 And rules with no chastening rod ;
 Where grief never mourns nor complains :
 Shall we meet in the City of God ?



KENDAL BELLS.

TUNE—" *England's Lofty Bells.*"

YON lofty bells, with strains sublime,
 Whose tongues are heard both far and nigh ;
 Like stories from the olden time,
 They lighten sorrow ere they die.
 Ring out, ring in, ye lofty bells,
 Your tune, so sweet, shall make replete
 My morning song !

Rich mellow streams of bliss do flow,
 Tone answers tone so bold and fair ;
 The wave-notes reach the high and low,
 Deep seas of music fill the air.
 Ring out, ring in, &c.

The lofty bells, which speak so loud,
 Break forth in chiming, faithful lays ;
 And, while they ring, impressions crowd
 The mind with joyous, melting praise.
 Ring out, ring in, &c.

Flow on, flow on, ye charming peals,
 You touch the heart with magic spells ;
 Your music every sorrow heals
 With hopes as bright as wedding bells.
 Ring out, ring in, &c.



MY FATHER'S * GRAVE.

Heversham Churchyard.

ENSHRIN'D within my memory
 I have one spot, so green and soft :
 My father's grave, where peacefully
 He takes his rest, I look at oft :
 The spot, so green and soft with tears,
 I see across the waste of years.

The grey old church, whose Sabbath bells
 Beat on the sweet salubrious air,
 And every week exactly tells
 The hour of morn and evening prayer,
 Will hold no more my father's form :
 He sought it oft through wind and storm.

And ever as the years went by,
 And mem'ry held the message heard
 Within the church, did not deny
 The Bread of Life, the Living Word,
 Which can life's ills and wrongs assuage,
 And give solace to weary age.

* Thomas Hoggarth, the father of the Author, was the only son of Thomas Hoggarth, farmer, Longsleddale, Westmorland ; he was born there, January 5, 1805, and died at Milnthorpe, December 12, 1875, aged 70 years. He was the last of three children ; his mother died when he was nine days old ; she was interred at Longsleddale. Thomas Hoggarth, father of Thomas Hoggarth and grandfather of the Author, was born at Troutbeck, Westmorland ; he died at Staveley, near Kendal, and was interred in the old churchyard there. The body of the church is now demolished, only the tower remaining.

The soft, green spot I view to-day,
 It looks as fresh as years ago,
 Close by the thymy turf I stay—
 My good old father sleeps below,
 In harbour safe from human woes,
 His limbs smooth'd down for long repose.

And in one deep and dreamless sleep,
 Upon his straight, unenvied bed,
 Unheeding who beside him weep,
 Or press the grass above his head,
 Lies undismay'd, from grievance free,
 Or aught which moves life's changing sea.

The past, and what can hide the past ?
 'Tis like a pillar, huge and tall,
 Whose topmost parts do always cast
 The farthest shadows where they fall.
 My father's grave grows green and soft,
 And mem'ry keeps it held aloft.



A SHAKE OF HANDS.

On the meeting of two friends who had been at enmity between themselves.



SHAKE of hands will often heal
 A wound that has been sore for years ;
 And it is frequently the seal
 Wherewith affection binds her fears.

It thrills the tender chords of love,
 Recalls the joys of former times ;
 Doth hearts with sweet emotions move ;
 It fills it with harmonious chimes.





HAY MAKING AT BRIGSTEER.

This is the time to think o' wark,
There's Sally forking hay wi' Joe ;
And Bill and Bob wi' nowt ato
But breeches on and sark.

To mow tall grass one morn in June,
Five men with arms laid bare and strong,
Each with his scythe borne shoulder high,
Went forth with hearts brimful of song.

The air was cool, the sky was free
Of hazy clouds or signs of rain ;
The scythes cut keen, the grass fell down
Upon the wide and breezy plain.

And when the sun was fairly up,
Five buxom lasses made their way
Towards the field, and to kill time
One bright maid sang an old Scotch lay.

Each whitehood'd maid, with rake in hand
And smiling eyes, with men began
To turn the grass heaps to the sun,
And children toss'd it as they ran.

'Mid crisped hay and faded flowr's,
The work went on with laugh and din ;
The farmer smil'd when wains of hay
Down to his barn came rumbling in.

The jokes and laughter, sights and fun,
While lass with lad work'd side by side,
Will live in mem'ry and be told
No doubt in after years with pride.

One blue-eyed maid will always know
 The farmer's field of hay and noise ;
 Through mem'ry's glass she'll often look
 At one big stack made by the boys.

'Twas there young Edwin's heart was roused,
 One eve he woo'd and won the day ;
 He said 'twas true, he told her so,
 She'd touch'd his heart while making hay.



SUMMER SUNSET.

From Arnside Sands.

THE evening sun held out a scene so bright,
 The liquid gold shone on the sands, whose shells
 Had roll'd with seething waves, which ebb and
 swell,

From ocean depths unpierc'd by human sight.

The clouds were cradled in depths of light,
 An infant breeze roam'd o'er the shaggy fells,
 And intermingled with the tones of bells
 Which rung at intervals one week-day night.

The light and shade on lofty hills away,
 Uniting, form'd a scene which gave surprise ;—
 The farmer paused amid his new-mown hay,
 Lean'd on his rake and watch'd with wondering eyes :
 The still and tranquil splendour of the day
 Soon faded from the summer sunset skies.





THE INNER LIFE.

Truth ever gleams in virtuous lives,
Like gems undimmed in dust.

THIS life is mask'd, and none can tell
Or teach us how to fathom those
We meet, who seem to give a promise well,
Then prove as fickle as the wind that blows.

In life it is most difficult to know
Who does the greatest mischief: those we trust,
Or own as friends—at least we call them so—
Yet with intentions worthless as the dust;

Or those we call our enemies, who frown
And say bad things of us; but when the tide
Or whirlwind of words has calmed down,
Are not the worst to wound us or deride.

We make mistakes in giving all our strength
To wooing prosperous circumstances, and
To ward off adverse ones which might at length
Secure in consciousness of truth to stand.

We grasp with zeal the baubles as they rise,
Yet they leave nothing in our hands when caught;
We drink and laugh, like others, and despise
All that is grand in nature, great in thought.

The world's a heartless judge, with crushing wrath,
Who judges us to be as base as he
Who sells, for pottage, truth and all he hath,
And lets his claim to might forever flee.

It is but fair that we should strive to win
 An honest way, with trust, that makes a man ;
 To keep the angel of our life within,
 Which prompts the soul to do the good it can.

The sunshine of our peace is soon destroy'd ;
 Ingratitude lives near with poison'd breath :
 Great is the ruin, and how deep the void,
 To yield for trash the soul's immortal worth.

There is a life within a life, they say
 Of each who—striving, toiling—treads along,
 In which ambition rules and pride holds sway,
 And judgment, true or false, is ever strong.

Then if the inner life be free and clear,
 And each of us with courage do our part,
 There's nothing further to be done, or fear—
 The world can never know thee as thou art.



THE UPPER ROOM.

No matter how or where we roam,
 We find the brightest joys at home.

THE way to it is by old, creaking stairs,
 Which have been press'd by many clogs and
 shoes,
 The room contains two large, old walnut chairs,
 And these I really would not like to lose.

Dark is the passage, yet the visit will
 Repay the care in seeking out the place ;
 No voice is heard there, all is hush'd and still,
 To be within you'll feel it no disgrace.

Against the wall a little clock ticks on,
 The same as it has done in bygone times ;
 And when it strikes, there's now left only one
 To mark the music of its faithful chimes.

The mantelpiece exhibits a few things :
 They're not much worth, yet these I much adore ;
 Though old and torn, affection to them clings ;—
 The hands that brought them here are seen no more.

A few choice portraits do adorn the walls,
 And near me hang a highly valued pair ;
 A sad, strange feeling on my spirit falls,
 When I review them from the old arm chair.

When night has spread abroad her sable pall,
 The fire I stir to save from deeper gloom ;
 Sometimes I start at shadows on the wall—
 A silent spirit seems to haunt the room.

I sit alone and think of times gone by :
 No one lives near to give a helping hand
 I close at night the house door with a sigh ;
 I sit and think about the Better Land.



TO A THROSTLE.

The throstle on the plain tree top
 Seems like a black spot on the sky :
 The bird is small, the song is great ;
 Across storm-branded hills how sweet
 The music rolls.



NTIRING bird, wherefore hast thou come here,
 To this wide, yawning ravine, nude and bare ?
 Hast thou, like me, left home and kindred dear
 To breathe awhile untainted, breezy air ?

Or hast thou come to cheer me with thy lay,
 Where Nature fails to give or I to find ?
 I need a cheering theme, for I to-day
 Have left a cold, indiff'rent world behind.

A south wind comes, with fanning, gentle hand ;
 Its breath is sweet, and doth like incense rise :
 Thy song is sweeter ! and it is as grand
 To-day as when first sung in Paradise.

The songs which fall from man come short of thine ;
 Thy song is lasting and also divine.



THE CUCKOO.

After hearing one on Cartmel Fells.

THE fire-winged sun rose from a sea of gold,
 And morning shook her dress in airy dells ;
 When from the woods a well-known sound of old
 Issued athwart the sterile, craggy fells.

The song, so sweet, was borne upon the breeze,
 From hill to dale till distance drown'd the song ;
 And waves of perfume roll'd across the leas,
 Where Flora smil'd amid her starry throng.

Brief is the stay of the fair bird who came
 To cheer us with his song from milder skies
 Than we have in this land ; and who can name
 The place wherein his sheltering haven lies ?
 Oh, for a life like thine ! e'er on the wing—
 A life of pleasure and eternal spring.





THE COMET.

After seeing one from the middle of a field.

MAN'S utmost stretch of intellect doth fail
To grasp yon mighty orb, if orb at all ;
The mystic stranger, with its fiery tail
Afar, through boundless ether it doth roll.

Philosophers, with all their lore and skill,
Remain in doubt ; they cannot find or know
What is its use, or why it doth fulfil
A given, vast, yet unexpounded law.

For countless ages thy erratic flight
May have gone on—long ere old Time began ;
And when we look upon yon distant light—
Well might the Psalmist cry out “ What is man ? ”

Thousands of eyes upon the wonder look,
The high, the unread theme of Heaven's great book.



THE FALLEN OAK.

The Storm King laugh'd when the giant fell,
The guardian genius of Britannia's isle.

An old oak on the bare ground lies,
Observ'd by all who that way pass ;
Great was the fall, great the surprise
That it so soon should come to grass.

It had withstood wild storms of late,
 Till one more wilder than them all
 Came with such force, trees small and great
 Lay prostrate over hedge and wall.

And is it not in life the same ?

An object which was held as chief,
 Or much admir'd—an ill wind came

And, unforeseen, blew all to grief.
 At last must fall the bond and free,
 In storm or calm, the human tree.



THE TWO FLOWERS.

Written on the stump of an ash tree.

THEY grow by the river,
 They bloom in the breeze ;
 They lighten the valley
 Of lichens and trees :
 The Storm King may threaten
 To spoil or deform ;
 They laugh at his gesture,
 And smile on in storm.

No flow'rets are near them,
 Their kindreds have gone ;
 Decay's in the valley
 And looks sternly on.
 Though Summer is passing
 To slumber and rest,
 The flow'rets, like trophies,
 Still hang on her breast.

This life's arid pathway
 Hath flowers in full bloom ;
 If sought for, you'll find them,
 Though close to the tomb.

Truth always is shining,
 And Hope's fresh and gay ;
 Then choose them and keep them ;
 They'll brighten life's way.



THE SWALLOW.

After finding one dead.



HOSE hands were those who laid thee cold and low ?

Did'st thou deserve the fate which thou hast got ?

Along these waters I have seen thee go,
 Darting on noiseless wing which harmeth not.

From far-off lands, without a chart or guide
 To show the way, upon an eager wing
 Thou came, a hope and joy of summertide,
 With many a welcome, in the early spring.

Sad view, to see thee prostrate, and no more
 To find thee basking 'neath the sun's bright eye ;
 Thy mates will miss thee to the distant shore
 When Summer lays her vernal garments by.

Most noble man—do'st thou deserve that name ?
 What was thy motive that the bird should fall ?
 Is this returning thanks to one who came
 With news upon its wings to cheer us all ?

For shame, that such an impulse e'er arose
 In man's unfeeling breast, where love should reign :
 God's sinless birds are not our worst of foes,
 Then why or wherefore hath this one been slain ?





A SUMMER SCENE.

Virtuous deeds blossom in after years.

I STOOD on the breast of a slanting fell,
And watch'd the children play :
Some ran with glee through the mellow dell,
Through gleam of a summer's day.

Many stood under the linden trees,
And cool'd their cheeks of flame :
The sun was hot, with a welcome breeze,
And over the moor it came.

A girl fell ill in the midst of fun,
Which one of her playmates saw ;
She bore her out of the broiling sun,
And heal'd her little woe.

The act was small—yet a noble deed,
Though done in the time of tears ;
It grew in the heart like a precious seed,
And bloom'd in after years.



FROM THE OLD ARM CHAIR.

Our hearts, together twining, mingle in one.



N Time's rough road we have gone much and far :
The world goes on the same in its own way :
Cares come, and these will come, but do not mar
Life's sober joys, which light up life's dark day.

And as our day is so shall be our strength,
 Though winds howl much and clouds look big and
 dread,
 One aim, one object in life's unseen length
 Shall be the beacon light by which to tread
 On, side by side.

Clouds sometimes gather, but they do not burst ;
 Hope trims her lamp, though perverse winds appear :
 Trust, Peace, and Love—Life's golden keys—won't rust
 With constant use, and such are always near :
 And Faith, though simple, it is more than gold ;
 It keeps its prime when in an humble dress :
 A deed done well sounds on for years untold—
 So while I'm here, and I have you, we'll press
 On, side by side.

Home is a kingdom and its sunny realms
 We'll keep in order and its peace maintain ;
 Laws shall be mild and made between ourselves,
 And I a king and you a queen can reign.
 When trials come, and sometimes such things do,
 We will not fret, for this is vain and low ;
 With aid divine, we'll breast the rough waves through,
 And, as we've started, we may safely go
 On, side by side.



I ENVY NO ONE.

TUNE—" *The Jolly Miller.*"

I'VE got two hands to earn my bread,
 A willing mind likewise ;
 I have a roof to save my head
 When storms are in the skies.

For wealth and fame I do not crave,
 Though little is my store ;
 I am content with what I have,
 I do not sigh for more.

I envy no one, no not I,
 And no one envies me.

I work, when work is to be had,
 And when there's none I play ;
 Though I am poor, I'm not so bad,
 I've plenty for to-day.
 The clothes I wear, they may be coarse,
 But then they keep me warm ;
 I have seen other men in worse,
 Therefore I take no harm.

I envy no one, no not I,
 And no one envies me.

I envy no man's wealth or fame,
 And no man envies mine ;
 My health's my crown, which none can claim,
 I'm off an humble line :
 My conscience is my kingdom, and
 A king I reign and free ;
 And those who boast of wealth or land,
 Will have to die like me.

I envy no one, no not I,
 And no one envies me.



THE FIRST MORN OF SUMMER.

TUNE—" *O breathe not in sorrow.*"



THE first morn of Summer
 Comes mantled in green ;
 Her bright robes were weaved
 By Spring, clad in sheen ;

Her footsteps fall lightly
 On wood, hill, and wold,
 The east, at her coming,
 Exposes her gold.

The gems from the showers
 Are strewn ev'rywhere ;
 The treasures of flowers
 Are borne through the air.
 In field, copse, and woodland
 Birds break forth in song ;
 The rills, with their music,
 Dance lightly along.

We bathe in the pleasures
 The summers unfold,
 But, somehow or other,
 They soon all look old ;
 Earth's joys are short-lived,
 Allied to decay ;
 And life, like a summer,
 Is passing away.



ENCOURAGEMENT.

Encouragement is like a gleam of sunshine enlivening the waters
 of a deep river rolling through a forest.

PUSH on with might, there's room enough,
 The world is large and wide :
 Be resolute and bold in truth,
 Though querulous minds betide.
 The world is full of change and noise,
 Its ills and wrongs oppose ;
 And, if you've got an honest heart,
 You need not care who knows.

A warfare life is truly termed,
 Then fight with courage on !
 A ray of hope, though dimly seen,
 Is better far than none.
 E'er cultivate a frame of mind
 To sympathise and feel ;
 Should things go wrong, arise and put
 A shoulder to the wheel.

You may not do much good in life,
 But do the good you can ;
 Let no ill-wind stir in your heart
 Towards a brother man.
 Strip off your coat when want stands nigh,
 And grasp with honest toil ;
 A loaf of bread earn'd by yourself
 Is worth a load in spoil.



LET US GO TO THE FIELDS.

TUNE—*The sweet month of May.*

LET us go to the fields while the sweet breath of
 morning
 Flows soft where the throstle is tuning his song :
 The bright sun is up and the high hills adorning ;
 The larks are all gay in the dry heath among.

A trip out on pleasure doth good and enlightens,
 All work and no play is a foe to the mind ;
 When Hope leads the way she a dark passage brightens,
 Dull care, with its load, let's awhile leave behind.

A seat may be found where the streamlets are gliding ;
 The banks are so green where the primroses grow ;
 The streams play about so, as if they were hiding,
 And then they rush on, and they laugh as they go.

A short while ago, when the summer was smiling,
 The queen of the garden—the rose—was in bloom,
 We met and we chatted, the sweet time beguiling,
 And parted like friends in the evening gloom.



AGE RESTING BY THE WAY.

The crown of reverend age
 Sits lightly on her silver hair.

TIME, like a flood, mars earthly things,
 Night veils the brightest scenes of day ;
 And each revolving season brings,
 To old and young, seeds of decay.
 When Pleasure comes she gives employ,
 But Pain comes oft'ner far than Joy.

Life's morning's past—its noon likewise ;
 Youth's golden dreams have pass'd away ;
 Storms have swept over Home's fair skies,
 Which often brought her much dismay.
 Infirm and old, she lives from strife,
 Fatigued with the march of life.

Her household cares are laid aside,
 Age could not bear a constant strain ;
 She calmly views life's eventide,
 The time of rest for mind and brain :
 Inaction suits a time-worn mind,
 With furtive glances thrown behind.

Inactive—yet her mem'ry lives
 O'er vanish'd scenes when hope was young ;
 A solace to her mind it gives,
 Like roses o'er her pathway flung ;
 And further in life's vale she goes ;
 She keener feels its frosts and snows.

Forsaken—no ! she knows she's not,
 Faith's cloudless star doth cheer her on ;
 At ninety-two she's not forgot,
 Though all have from her household gone :
 Age creeps apace, and shadows fall—
 She meekly waits her Father's call.



POOR BEN.

He lies where the holly grows green.



BEN stroll'd out to the fields alone
 One eve when the wind was low ;
 The moon was out ; it dimly shone
 On his head that was white as snow.

His eyes were sunk, their light had gone ;
 There was nought but a wild, blank stare ;
 His steps were slow—he walked on,
 And he beat with his hands the air.

His heart was griev'd, 'twas sad and sore ;
 And he roam'd by the deep, wild sea ;
 And o'er the waves from the shell-strewn shore
 He cried, " Come back, come back to me."

The wild waves mock'd, the wild waves sung,
 But the words which he spoke prov'd vain ;
 With downcast eyes both hands he rung—
 Such a loss unto him brought pain.

His home death reach'd—no one was near—
 And it left him an empty chair ;
 She died unseen, and she so dear,
 And her worth was beyond compare.

The shock was more than his mind could grasp ;
 And he went out alone each day ;
 Life's silver tie unbound its clasp
 When his fond one had pass'd away.

The earth was clad in a deep green dress,
 And the birds with song were glad :
 These fail'd to soothe his loneliness
 For his heart it was sad, was sad.

His mind broke down when his helpmeet fled,
 When the lamp of his life went out ;
 A deep stern darkness round him spread,
 Far deeper than shades of doubt.

The breach death made was great and real,
 And it deepen'd day by day ;
 Hope stay'd her hand, for nought could heal
 His mind or his soul's decay.



ODE TO WINTER.

Winter delays his coming, and
 The primrose blooms in the first month
 As in the warmth of early Spring.



W H A R ista at, auld surly King ?
 Ah noo wod like ta knaa ;
 Hoo is it that thoo does not bring
 The bitin' frost an' snaa ?
 Aboon t' wet grend some flooars peep,
 They seem to think thoo's gone ;
 It may be that thoo's fast asleep,—
 If that's the game—sleep on !

Jack Frost hes lost his smartin' grip ;
 He hings his heead in' doot ;
 A few odd times he's tried ta nip
 Oor ears to make us shoot.

Gaa whar yan will, we noo may meet
 Wi' meny a cheery leeak ;
 The crickets sing frae morn till neet,
 An' loup frae t' chimley neeak.

Some birds are at a loss ta knaa
 Which is t' reet month i' t' year ;
 Ta build or not, it caps the craa—
 He seems tarnation queer.
 The laughin' trees clap a' ther hands,
 An' ivverything seems fain
 Auld Winter's off ta other lands—
 He's left us nowt but rain.

The streams i' t' beck run on i' glee,
 They dance fra steean ta steean ;
 The wind he hes been frank an' free,
 He's many a twist an' greean ;
 For t' smook an' murky clouds aboon
 The sun is seldom seen ;
 Wi' t' mud an' muck frae t' streets i' t' toon
 I'm speckl'd up ta t' een.

February 28, 1882.



JOURNEYING ON.

Life is a journey—whether long or brief we cannot tell ; but this
 we know, that it is mostly what we make it.



JOURNEYING on, through the meshes of sorrow,
 Heated and worn by the burdens we bear ;
 Longing for something to gladden to morrow—
 Life it is frequently fraught with much care.

Journeying on, and yet unknowing whither
 Pathways may lead us or how they may end ;
 Toss'd and driven both hither and thither,
 Wind and wave threaten the frail bark to rend.

Journeying on, yet unheeding each other,
 Pushing our way through the crowds as we go,
 Piercing the heart of a weary-worn brother,
 Adding a heavier weight to his woe.

Journeying on, and refusing assistance,
 Striving with hands which are lifted to guide ;
 Now—it is ours, the future's a distance
 Reach'd not by man in his vainglory-pride.

Journeying on, setting all at defiance,
 Treating a timely warning as dust ;
 Lost in the deserts of wild self-reliance,
 Chasing a phantom of own's hollow trust.

Journeying on, though the shadows are creeping,
 Shatter'd and beaten by tempest and wave ;
 Journeying on, to where lov'd ones are sleeping,
 Resting in one common end-all—the grave.



TO MISS A——

On the day of her marriage.

ALL hail to the auspicious day,
 Two hearts in one united ;
 Two travellers out on Life's highway,
 And each with each delighted.

One hint or two suggested might
 Prove of some use in marriage:
 Make home a scene of love and light,
 And not a jostling carriage.

Though courtship has come to an end,
 Keep sweet affection glowing ;
 The after life will much depend
 On how its set a-going.

Fault-finding minds are sores in life,
And such deserve no praising ;
Don't blow at little sparks of strife,
They soon will start a-blazing.

The path of life you'll find to be
Not free from cloudy showers ;
Act well your part, then you will see
Life has some golden flowers.

Be kind to each, and bear in mind
That there's a stern to-morrow ;
Turn how you will, you'll sometimes find
Life is not free from sorrow.

Hold well to friendship's sacred ties
And keep them bright and shining ;
And should a cloud dim home's fair skies,
Do not sit down repining.

When things go wrong, to such be blind,
Don't nurse an angry feeling ;
If you rebuke, be mild and kind,
Some wounds are long in healing.

Stick to him, lass, through thick and thin,
And jog along together ;
Keep discord out, and love within
In calm and stormy weather.

My wishes unto each I give—
Though lowly be the giver—
May health and wealth live while you live,
And peace flow like a river.





AT KENDAL CASTLE.

Imperial wreckage guards the scene
Where proud inhabitants once dwelt.

DAY'S grateful King again has gone his round,
His arms of light touch Langdale's shaggy fells;
Grand is the scene where peaks with gleams are
crown'd,
Which throw a shade across the crouching dells.

From the far east the Queen of Night comes forth,
She takes the path left by the setting sun ;
Gold-ting'd cloudlets seek the steely north,
And man seeks home, his daily labour done.

Alike the bells, the throstle's vesper song
Floats with the breeze while a June evening dies ;
Far overhead, with music sweet and long,
The lark is heard, though lost to straining eyes.

These walls no doubt have nameless horrors seen,
Are sad mementos of the olden time ;
Record says not, nor tells us what has been
The praise or greatness of these piles sublime.

Here captives sigh'd, and woe-worn sons have trod
Beneath proud turrets which have pass'd away ;
Oppression's iron hands, and deeds of blood,
And princely halls and owners, where are they ?

Awe-struck, I pass beneath a yawning wall
That looks as if the wind that next shall blow,
Or its own weight ere long, with stones and all,
Would send it thund'ring to the moat below.

Gigantic piles, ambitions rise and fall,
 Pride, pomp, and pow'r are prostrate and in dust ;
 Strong in decay, each crumbling, massive wall
 Has lost its worth, as all earth's fabrics must.

Kendal ! and dost thou own such scenes as these ?
 Are they thy praise ? for such I do not crave :
 With deep'ning awe I tread beneath the trees :
 The solemn sight is vain Ambition's grave.



NATLAND CHURCHYARD.

A neat, unenvied spot.

REMOTE from much disturbing care,
 Where adverse wrongs and ills are few ;
 With neat, white homesteads here and there,
 And woods, and plains, and hills in view :
 A rural church, 'midst beech and fir,
 Is known to many a worshipper.

The brief, bald tower with age is grey,
 It stands the scour of eager gales ;
 I find attraction much to-day
 Close by a fence of iron rails :
 I gaze among the silent dead,
 And deftly o'er the green mounds tread.

A few old headstones here are seen,
 Recording who doth sleep below,
 Who once mov'd o'er the village green,
 Who liv'd and died in years ago—
 Unheeding now each passer-by,
 Or clouds which fill a wintry sky.

And those to nameless graves consign'd
 Once own'd a warm and feeling heart ;
 And, though they've left no trace behind,
 Each in the world had borne a part :
 While “dust to dust ” was said o'er all,
 Yet such was not said of the soul.

Here rests old age, a solemn pause
 From labour and from weariness ;
 Here sorrows end and trials close,
 And all things else that cause distress—
 A sacred calm ere Heaven be :
 God grant it thus to you and me !

And who shall be the next to fall,
 And fill the grave's unaided bed ?
 The hungry tomb has room for all—
 A resting-place for ev'ry head :
 The old and young at peace abide,
 The rich and poor sleep side by side.



SUPPLICATION.

TUNE—“ *Guide me, O Thou Great Jehovah.* ”



THOU source of ev'ry blessing,
 Lord of earth, and air, and sky,
 Hide me in the Rock of Ages,
 Cleft for rebels such as I ;
 Guard and keep me
 From the foes which lurk around.

While I go on life's brief journey,
 Be with me along the way ;
 I am lost if Thou forsake me,
 Lead me on to endless day ;
 Let Thy favour
 Cheer me in my pilgrimage.

Darkness comes upon the pathway,
 Light I need along the road ;
 Without Thee I'm poor and wretched,
 Throw Thy mighty arms abroad :
 Food and raiment
 Give to me upon the way.

When I enter death's dark valley,
 Father, take me by the hand ;
 Go with me through icy Jordan,
 With Thee I shall safely land :
 Great Redeemer,
 Let me live in sight of Thee.



THE SNOW.

“ He sayeth to the snow, Be thou on the earth.”—JOB.

AURORA from the East away,
 When inky night has run her race,
 Comes forward with a rosy face,
 And ushers in the infant day.

Morn drags her drowsy length along :
 Down on the plain the poplar trees,
 Unsway'd by summer's spicy breeze,
 Loom like grim giants, nude and strong.

The gnarled branches of the elms,
 They scarce impede our upward gaze ;
 We mark the clouds like rock-bound bays
 From which the Storm King scans his realms.

The air is hush'd ; and, sailing slow,
 The clouds disperse o'er hills and leas,
 Like billows grey in yeasty seas.
 At last it comes—the pent-up snow :

The feath'ry tribes in conflict meet ;
 The star-like flakes fly merrily round ;
 Like shatter'd shells they reach the ground,
 And, matted, crunch beneath our feet.

More denser flow the sinuous folds
 Towards the treach'rous reedy lakes ;
 Quadrillions of the slumb'rous flakes
 Inwrap the ravines, fells, and wolds.

Brief, scanty folds, born of the clouds,
 King Winter's robes of loveliness ;
 Unsullied forms which deftly dress
 Majestic hills with tender shrouds.

Across the fields the farmer goes
 To feed his sheep with sweet crisp'd hay ;
 His faithful dog barks on its way
 Amongst the drifted, blinding snows.

A change takes place ere it is night,
 A sounding wind goes on its way ;
 It seems a dirge, while Nature lay
 Beneath one sheet of virgin white.



FIFTY YEARS AGO.

TUNE—" *I am one of the Olden Time.*"



TIME passes on with silent wings,
 How swift the moments fly :
 A summer heart in winter sings,
 Though sorrow's moving by.

Friend after friend have had their day,
 And change has brought its woe ;
 Strange things have come and pass'd away
 Since fifty years ago.

The cottage by the breezy plain
 Has long since got a change ;
 The roomy kitchen doth contain
 Fresh faces now and strange.
 I've roam'd the dale which once I knew,
 There's not a face I know ;
 They all have gone, my boyhood crew
 Of fifty years ago.

No lov'lier spot on earth is seen
 Than boyhood's golden spot ;
 The lively scenes keep fresh and green
 When others are forgot.
 The present time much joy displays,
 And it doth quickly flow,—
 But give to me the good old days
 Of fifty years ago.



MONODY.

The Dying Year.

THE Old Year dies, why let him die in peace !
 Though Nature mourns him, we will mourn
 him not ;
 Like an old friend, he will not be forgot ;
 We'll think of him much after his decease.

We hail'd his coming, though, across the snow :
 Hopes stood aloof and some have prov'd untrue ;
 Cold, faithless longings have not been a few—
 He means to leave us, therefore let him go !

Backward we look, can well his footsteps trace ;
 Impressions vary as we move along ;
 Bold outlines show us of outrage and wrong—
 Then let him die ! there's one to take his place.

We waited much, and when at last he came,
 Old things seem'd new to us, joy flapp'd her wings :
 Soon all grew old, and then came the old things—
 The straight'ning greed of gold, and lust of fame.

'Midst Nature's wreck, the Old Year groans his last ;
 He leaves sad tales and many an empty chair :
 Hearts have been riv'n by rude and stern despair,
 And floods of sorrow through bright homes have pass'd.

Peace comes and goes, alike the dove of old
 That Noe sent out across the wat'ry waste ;
 No rest she found, then back again with haste
 She flew, across a sinful world and cold.

Then die old year ! let us the new one see !
 Rouse up ! wild bells, ring in friends true and kind !
 Ring out the worm of grief that eats the mind !
 Ring in the peace and love that is to be !



RETURN OF THE SWALLOW.

Once more he's cross'd the briny seas,
 Young Spring again now smiles ;
 He comes with joy upon the breeze
 From far-off spicy isles.



HE comes with news upon his wings—
 The same old tale is always told—
 He twitters as he did of old ;
 He seeks the pond across the wold,
 From which in many a bye-gone spring
 To build his house much mud he'd bring.

Without a compass or a guide,
 Except an instinct to forewarn,
 He easily finds the grey old barn
 Beside the farmstead with the tarn ;
 He knows again the river's side,
 Which he forsook last autumn-tide.

Beneath the barn or cottage eaves
 Her nest is built—hole at the top ;
 From it she can her black head pop :
 She cares not how the eaves may drop ;
 She's snug within, and freely breathes
 Midst feathers, hay, and wither'd leaves.

When, in the sunshine or the rain,
 An urchin lets a missile fly
 At him, he darts till it's gone by ;
 A twitter is the only cry,
 As if he'd said, " I am not slain ;
 You've miss'd your mark, now try again."

With plumage light, keen sighted eyes,
 The sunny bird, we welcome him,
 And freely, gladly let him skim
 The river's surface and its brim ;
 We'll envy him not all the flies
 That he may catch beneath the skies.



FRAGMENTS.

From Orton Scar.


DAY's fire-wing'd King, midst rolling gold,
 Vacates his throne, which none can hold ;
 Hesperus glows ; she shines her best,
 Like burnish'd gold, in the far west :
 Down snow-capp'd hills, where cascades fall,
 Thick mists across the bare hills roll.

In an old ash, though nude and grim,
 The mavis tunes his wordless hymn ;
 The woods seem half inclin'd to sleep ;
 From firs tall spectral shadows creep ;
 A rock-bound stream sings down below,
 Where fell-born ferns and lichens grow ;
 'Bove shelving crags the curlew screams,
 And there the treach'rous shilloe gleams.
 From bald, white rocks, with glad surprise,
 I view the far west burning skies.
 " O God," I cry, still looking there,
 " How grand the scene ! is Heav'n more fair ? "
 Supernal sight ! some mortal hath
 Pronounc'd it as the angels' path.
 The day declines, the sun goes down,
 Serene and grac'd with flaming crown.
 I scan the east, and soon I find
 Night's peerless Queen aglow behind ;
 A soothing breeze rolls from the west,
 It lulls departing day to rest.
 May I, when life's brief race is run,
 Depart alike the shining sun !



WINTER SUNSET.

From Sleddale Fells.


 URORA lights young morning's drowsy eyes ;
 She opens out day's spacious portals, and
 A sea of lurid fog o'erflows the land,
 And herded clouds sail slow, with saffron dyes.

The sun, with shoulder bright, glides through the skies
 Of daffodil—like seas superb and grand—
 Gilds far-off crag, and scalp, and mountain band ;
 And night, the black intruder, shrinks and flies.

Winter yet rules, a rough old master he,
 Who whips and schools his subjects well for spring :
 Matures the roots, prepares the grass and tree ;
 Insects are kept from dancing on the wing ;
 Nature looks grand in her solemnity,
 And wild, untutor'd tongues of brooklets sing.



BEYOND.

The future, like to-morrow, is
 An unseen, bottomless abyss.

ROSE-wreath'd, balmy-breath Summer reigns brief ;
 She nurses, matures the fruit, grass, and leaf ;
 Bright skies, sylvan scenes, gay flow'rs she doth
 give,
 Yields ample food by which man and beast live.
 Summer, thrice blessed ! we bask in her gleam,
 Vast she's in grandeur, unstint'd in theme :
 We're somewhat inclin'd at last to despond,
 Mourn her departure, with Autumn beyond.

Gold-trellis'd Autumn, with divorced birds,
 Claims Summer's holdings, the woods, fields, and herds ;
 Freshness and vigour soon leave grass and fern,
 Nature turns sullen, tenacious, and stern ;
 Dull skies, waning days, and frost show their might,
 Earth's stars—beauteous flow'rs—disrobe left and
 right :

When Autumn goes on, in sombre dress donn'd,
 Prepare for the worst !—King Winter's beyond.

Gruff, surly Winter comes down from afar,
 And loud are his howls on his northern car :
 Wildly his subjects are lash'd into awe ;
 Large are his plentiful mantles of snow ;

The poor feel his ire, so crushing his stroke ;
 Nature and man are rent under his yoke :
 In rain, hail, and sleet, with ice on the pond,
 None need despair—there is bright Spring beyond !

Vernal-grac'd Spring, when resuming her sway,
 Dares hoary Winter, she drives him away ;
 Rivers and streams from their shackles get free,
 Res'rrections are rife on ground and on tree ;
 The cuckoo, swallow, and song bird appear,
 Melodious concerts are held far and near ;
 Husbandmen loosen the soil from its bond,
 Sow and prepare for the Summer beyond.

Life has its troubles, its crosses, and cares,
 Trials, misfortunes, temptations, and snares ;
 Friends may deceive, may annoy, and forget,
 Wound, and may cause a heart-aching regret.
 Joy is short-liv'd, oft colour'd with strife ;
 Oft it is hard work to get on in life ;
 Health may deprive you of dear ones and fond—
 Be brave ! look ahead !—there is Heav'n beyond !



AN APRIL MORNING.

How calm above yon hill's dark brow
 Sol's fadeless form is borne ;
 With all enduring splendour now
 As on Creation's morn.

NIGHT draws her flimsy veil away ;
 Morn opens out her portals wide,
 With blushing face, like a young bride
 Espous'd for an eventful day,
 Comes forth, apparell'd light and gay.

Day's worshipp'd King peeps o'er the hill ;
His bright gold eye discerns afar,
From ocean, lake, to craggy scar ;
And from the grove the throstles' trill
A lovely sunlit valley fill.

Beneath a mound with grassy crest,
Beside the sloe and stunted thorn
Which do an old roadside adorn,
The robin, with his crimson vest—
A living ruby—builds his nest.

An infant breeze sweeps gently by ;
It shakes the beads which diadems
The grass and boughs with burnish'd gems ;
And in the west, from earth to sky,
The bow of promise greets the eye.

Across the fields, the farmer's boy
Goes whistling on, with whip in hand,
And harness'd team to plough the land ;
To milk the kine—a blest employ—
A bright maid wends, with song of joy.

In an old wood, where ants are rife,
The woodman, with a well-aim'd stroke,
Begins to fell the giant oak,
Whose bole displays names cut with knife :
Fair morn is now launch'd into life.



TO A PRIMROSE.

On a thickly-sheltered Bank.



ARE thou defy December's surly frowns,
The howling tempest and devouring rain ;
The distant hills display their snowy crowns,
Cold desolation broods upon the plain.

On time's wild waste, amid its wreck and gloom,
 Amidst life's winter, with its frost and snow,
 Sometimes a hidden joy bursts into bloom,
 Above life's desolation and its woe.

Wee bonnie gem, I lift thee from thy seat ;
 So frail, and yet so fair to me art thou ;
 No kindred flow'ret doth thy presence greet
 On Nature's bruised and exposed brow.
 Thy lips are sweet, and thou shalt take a part
 Upon the breast of one fond, loving heart.

Going a few yards further, the Author came upon
 another primrose, under the shade of a holly :—

It calmly eyed the cold and frowning north :
 The wind and rain tried much to crush it down ;
 The more they tried, the more it mock'd the frown ;
 It heeded not what railing winds brought forth ;
 And, like the man who lash'd a madd'ning world,
 It was the better for what had been hurl'd.
 When all had spent their strength in hollow wrath.



THE POET'S GRAVE.

The true Poet leaves behind him a monument of praise that the
 storms of time can ne'er destroy.



On a hill side where the wild winds play,
 Where cypress, box, and the lindens wave ;
 A son of song in the cold grave lay ;
 A plain stone tells where they've made his
 grave.

His songs live on, but he knows them not,
 Nor hears the fame which from them proceeds ;
 The rhymes he wrote are not yet forgot,
 And the words sometimes out-live deeds.

Past the white fane a favour'd brook
 Still flows, by the mountain runnels fed ;
 Like warriors' plumes the dark yews look,
 Or sentry-like by the silent dead.
 The grave of one who wrote so fair
 It is adorn'd with a few white shells ;
 Some kindred spirits once put them there,
 And these are the only immortelles.

His path through life it was rough and cold ;
 The world look'd on with a stern distrust ;
 The stones which the rains beat on unfold
 Sometimes a lustre, though in the dust.
 The beaten tracks to his grave explain
 And tell he's thought of since he died ;
 In life his foes who had caused him pain
 Have since view'd him on his better side.

Into some lives the rains descend,
 Over some pathways the tempests beat ;
 The rains and the tempests have an end,—
 After the tempest the sunshine's sweet.
 My tribute's small, and for such I grieve ;
 A wreath of grass I with care entwine,
 Place on his grave, and in silence leave
 Departed merit's hallow'd shrine.



TO A BELATED SWALLOW.

*After one had been seen in Parr Street, Kendal, on Sunday
 Afternoon, November 24, 1889.*

From the Canal Bridge.



WHY art thou loth to leave our changeful skies,
 With autumn far advanced on its way ?
 Companions of the wing—young, old, and
 gay—
 Have fled, and thou doth yet us recognise.

Ponds, brooks, and tarns are now devoid of flies—
 Then why at Kendal, and alone, to-day?
 Old, treach'rous Autumn hath prolong'd thy stay,
 In some mute barn thy cold, dim haven lies.

Far lands, with sunny skies, have not, it seems,
 Tempted thee to cross the waves of spumy seas,
 Or seek the clime where summer's balmy breeze
 Commingles with the tones of crystal streams.

Alone art thou, fair bird, upon the wing!
 Detain'd too long—and eighteen weeks off spring.



BOBBY, THE HUNTSMAN.

TUNE—"The Sound of the Hounds in the Valley."

THE huntsman looks gay like a warrior bold,
 With red coat and whip midst his hounds young
 and old;
 The brisk cheering music doth far away flow,
 Produc'd from the hounds and each loud tally-ho:
 The people turn out, and sometimes not a few,
 When sport's at the highest, when game's in full view.

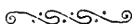
Chorus.

Bob knows all the rivers, he wades through the wreck;
 He fears not a stream, nor the width of a beck;
 With a dash!
 And a splash!
 He's sure to go forward, oft up to the neck!

Sometimes it is long ere the "varmint" comes forth
 With frontage defiant, most horrid in wrath;
 Engag'd in deep waters, he bravely defies
 The strength of his foes, and he fights till he dies;
 The shouts of the huntsman, the dogs, and the men
 Are heard far away in the mellowing glen.—*Chorus.*

When "t' varmint" escapes, as sometimes he'll do,
 Full fast in his rear hounds hotly pursue:
 Renewing the combat is fiercest of all,
 The struggle, though dreadful, the otter must fall.
 The hunters triumph, and Bob gets his reward,
 He bears off the trophy, though it has died hard.—*Chorus.*

The life of the huntsman with danger is fraught,
 His well-trained pack have some tough battles fought.
 When fresh from the chase and the fells' bracing air,
 The hunters do justice to t'simplest fare.
 Bob's active in mind when an otter has fled,
 He gets not much rest till the fish-eater's dead.—*Chorus.*



AN AXIOM.

A DRY, warm March, with a wet May,
 Will yield the farmers much good hay,
 With dry, hot summer.
 A wet, cold March, with a dry May,
 Will yield the farmers much bad hay,
 With wet, cold summer.
 If noticed, you
 Will find this true:
 No saint nor sinner can gainsay.





En Memoriam.

JOHN WHITWELL.

M.P. FOR THE BOROUGH OF KENDAL. DIED NOV. 27, 1880.

After a Visit to his Grave.

Vast multitudes are ev'ry year
Swept off the stage of life, and few
Leave marks behind to tell that they
Once trod the earth, or liv'd at all.
A few arrest the multitude,
And by their deeds win many hearts
And honour, with a name to live :
And generations yet to come
Will know that one hath liv'd and done
His duty unto God and man.

KING Winter's snow lay thick upon the ground.
The sky was dark, without one line of light ;
The wind was piercing, and was rolling round
The snow-crown'd hills and through the valleys
white.

Louder than wind, and of a sadd'ning cast,
Reach'd mortal ears, and far and wide it flew—
" A tried and true " from time and sense had pass'd,
A trusty chief, and one whom thousands knew.

Another pillar from the town was torn,
Another had gone from the glare of day ;
A full, ripe sheaf away from earth was borne,
Midst civic honours he had pass'd away.

His worth was great, and like his master mind,
Is yet unmeasur'd, and is yet untold ;
A purpose firm, and honest, and combin'd
With right and might, was always his to hold.

Stalwart in frame, and grac'd with massive brow,
With thought was bless'd above a straighten'd ken ;
Astute, adroit, and strict to act and vow,
His works were legion and well known to men.

Beyond compare, he toil'd much for the town,
Serv'd well his generation and his day ;
The broad, bright mantle which he hath cast down,
May some one take, and follow in his way !

And what does man gain when his work is done ?
A cold six-foot of earth, and that is all ;
The fell Destroyer, and whom mortals shun,
Blanch all alike, the great as well as small.

No tablet marks the great, the good man's grave
To tell inquirers when the spirit fled ;
The wind chants requiems and tall grasses wave
Above the great—not yet forgotten—dead.

Epitaph.

Be this the tablet—and who can efface
His actions written on the hearts of all ;
His noble deeds will always have a place
Emblazon'd upon Fame's embellish'd scroll.





KENDAL CASTLE.

A BYE-PLACE FOR WONDERING MINDS.

From Stramongate Bridge.



On the hill top, behind a screen of trees,
Which keeps the south and west storm-fiend at
bay,
Are unique relics of a far, dim day—
Once princely halls, or guarded palaces.

Walls stand to-day as sacred mysteries ;
Time's scathing hand hath blurr'd and had its play
Upon the yawning piles, sad, grim, and grey,
The centuries' garner'd secrecies.

An envious, pompous place in yore it was,
Pregnant with life, with raven banners rais'd
High o'er proud turrets, ere blatant cattle graz'd
In the high court yard now o'ergrown with grass.

Bold knights and vikings here have ventur'd forth,
Daring defiant foes from south and north.





THE TEMPEST.

“The Lord has His way in the whirlwind and in the storm.”

Written under a Bridge.

STRONG in his greatness,
Sagacious and wholesome,
The Storm King, the mad ruler,
Rides onward, thundering
Over the grey, mammoth ribs
Of the hills.
He hurls on, scowling—
The large forests tremble ;
Rude in his liberty,
Rollicking waters rush on
Down the rills.

Awkward in wandering,
Volum'nous and spacious ;
Startling the living,
Terrific he smites with the
Might of his hands.
Wild in his energy,
Ever triumphing,
Invincible monarch,
Rousing and breaking the
Peace of all lands.

A master of heroes,
Well known and unenvied,
Old, indefatigable,
Who laughs, as in joy, in
Disorder and woe :

His black hounds, the wild clouds,
 He halloos and urges ;
 And o'er his vast region
 Millions of diamonds he
 Flings too and fro.

On land he's voracious,
 On ocean a terror ;
 The sea his right hand man is ;
 He mocks, and blows over
 Man's work with a breath ;
 And, like a mad huntsman,
 He thongs his old pack hounds—
 The wild clouds and sea waves—
 And dashes right on with
 Confusion and death.



TO AN EARLY PRIMROSE.

Blaa, blaa, ye caald, confrontin' winds,
 Frae craggy moontains croon'd wi' snaa ;
 The bonnie bloom will be neea waarse
 When ye hev hed yer fill at blaa.

NATURE's great heart to-day swells and throbs high ;
 She feels it not, but we both feel and know ;
 She gives no smile, has not one to bestow ;
 And for our love she gives a leaden sky.

Imperturbable, she holds to wail and sigh,
 Her grief is heavy, with her life in woe ;
 The west-bound breezes sob with ebb and flow ;
 Gloom irrepressible broods far and nigh.

And thou—first, brightest page in Flora's book—
 Opens to mortal ken, and all may take
 A lesson on the spot who at thee look,
 What will on hearts a true impression make ;
 Under the hazels, by the woodland brook,
 Unheard of pleasure thou may'st yet awake !



AFFLICTION.

Affliction is the diamond of life, cutting deep into the soul.

LAID up, and with never a friend to show pity,
Despis'd and disown'd in a Christian land ;
His youth has departed, remembrance is anguish ;
Affliction has sought him, and smote with his wand.

The rose from his cheek, it has faded and vanish'd,
The waters of woe, they have reached his heart ;
Depress'd and laid low, and alone in the valley,
With no one to act a Samaritan's part.

His step has lost lightness, the eye its bright lustre,
And Love, with her roses, has gone to decay :
A word kindly spoken, a smile sweetly given,
Would do much to brighten afflictions dark way.

His feelings are crush'd, yet he feels much for others,
Affection still lingers, his heart blood's the same :
Inhuman deeds done unto one in deep sorrow,
The angels look at, and they look on with shame.

Afflicted, he mourns not, though joy has forsook him ;
Young Hope on his pathway once made her abode ;
He started life gladly, with joy in the future,—
Dark clouds gather'd round him ere far on the road.

Men work, trust, and hope, and the portals of sorrow
Stand, unforeseen, open to great and to small ;
Life loses its relish when life's bitter trials
Are dealt out to man ere he's reached the goal.

Oh, bruise not the heart of a grief-stricken brother !
 Go forward and bind up the wound if you can ;
 'Tis best to deal kindly, kind actions speak louder
 Than words ever utter'd by angel or man.

Ingratitude's cruel, it crushes the spirit,
 It cuts the affections and causes much pain ;
 The measure we deal out to others will some day
 To us, soon or later, be dealt out again.



DRUNKENNESS.

“ Oh, that man should put an enemy into his mouth to steal
 away his brains.”

WORSE than a brute, towards his home he reels ;
 If it is home—home's sacred joys are dead ;
 The best affections of the soul have fled :
 The slave to drink with untold sorrow deals.

The wine cup oft a poisonous asp conceals,
 It lurks within, and vast has been the spread
 Of woe and ruin over the homestead
 Where drink its desolating work reveals.

'Tis said, “ a little drop will do no harm ; ”
 That's true, if only one drop and no more ;
 The one drop often gets more than a score :
 Drink does much hurt, though taken cold or warm.

The starting point begins at the first glass,
 Which makes the sot and oft the human ass.





WINTER SUNSET.

“He scattereth His bright cloud.”—JOB xxxvii. 11.

ENTRANCING scene of matchless loveliness
The sun holds up where he has run his race !
A picture which no artist's hand can trace :
An awe-inspiring view without redress.

The huge, bell-shaped clouds, nigh motionless,
Imbue the west ere darkness creeps apace,
Bright'ning the valley's broad and opaque face :
Winter yet lives and rules with rigid stress.

Above the heads of bold and frowning fells
Clouds let the bright, prismatic splendour through,
Which fills with light afar the hollow dells,
Giving the mind conceptions rare and true :
The swooping winds rise up in gusty spells,
While evening holds the scene for me and you.



LILIAN.

“Oh ! for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.”

SHE fail'd on Time's highway, mid'st anxious fears ;
Her young, warm heart was undefil'd by strife ;
With sweet, mild face, unmarr'd by rolling years,
She soon fatigued with the march of life.

Death's angel smote, but it was gently done,
A life of promise was an early close ;
Life's golden thread was brief, and soon was spun,
Dead limbs were smoothed down for long repose.

The rose is sweet, it only has its day,
The wasted bloom a ling'ring odour gives ;
Home's purest gems soon fade and pass away,
Remembrance of the just and good still lives.

Call this a loss ? she is within the door
That shuts out sin and ev'ry hurtful snare ;
The pure in heart shall only reach the shore,
The saints' secure and blessed haven fair.

Noe from his ark, to seek and prove the ground,
Sent out his dove across the wat'ry waste ;
She sought for rest ; and, when no rest was found,
The wandering bird returned home with haste.

This life is full of farewells to the dead,
Those left behind an absent face deplore ;
Though out of sight, as if forever fled,
She is not lost, but only gone before.

It is said that
The door of death is made of gold
That mortal eyes cannot behold ;
But when the mortal eyes do close,
And cold and pale the limbs repose,
The soul awakes, and, wondering, sees
In her mild hand the golden keys.





HARVEST

SONG.



“The Summer is past, the Harvest
is ended.”

THE joyful Summer days are o'er,
And Winter's storms will soon begin ;
The fields have yielded golden store,
Grain has been reap'd and gather'd in ;
The year is crown'd with life's good things,
And graced by the King of kings.

The Lord of Seasons grants the grain,
And man in Spring prepares the ground ;
When earth lies faint for want of rain
He sends His watering clouds around :
Let us exalt Jehovah's name
In cheerful song, with loud acclaim !

The grateful land her odours yields,
In homage, Mighty One, to Thee ;
From ferns and flow'rs in all the fields,
From luscious fruit on ev'ry tree :
And man is bless'd throughout each year
With untold mercies far and near.

The produce of the earth is Thine,
 The tributes of our hands receive ;
 And make each heart a holy shrine,
 Who bids all hearts no longer grieve :
 Our thanks ascend to God on high,
 Who built the deep cerulean sky.

Lord of all flesh, and Lord of earth,
 O, let Thy year, now crown'd with joy,
 Bring faith to us of purest birth,
 That hope and peace have no alloy :
 We come with lips of pray'r and song,
 And echoes sweet our joys prolong.



SILENCE.

“He that keepeth his mouth, keepeth his life.”

SILENCE with mischief oft is rife,
 It whets the sword of feud and strife ;
 And yet 'tis an unfathom'd sea
 Of untold pleasure, wide and free.

Words break no bones, but, ah ! they smart,
 When roughly flung at some one's heart :
 A nail pull'd out of wood, the mark
 Is left behind, in light or dark.

Words cause a joy when fitly told,
 Like lov'ly views in frames of gold ;
 Then deal them out, though cares are rife,
 The healing, strength'ning wines of life.

But you might say, “My tongue's my own,
 I'll use it, though the world may frown,”—
 Bear this in mind, the words you fling
 May hit some one with venom'd sting.



MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

Ulverston Cemetery.

CLOSE by the wild, triumphing sea,
Where Nature's minstrels greatly stir
The hearts of all with music free,
In early spring, from lime and fir :
My mother's grave adorns the spot
That cannot, will not, be forgot.

No sculptur'd slab marks where she's laid,
But I can find the place too well ;
With choicest flow'rs 'tis not array'd,
Nor graced with an immortelle :
In summer time her place of rest
Is with the brightest verdure drest.

King Winter brings his robes of white,
He gently lays them on the ground ;
Through rifted clouds, with borrow'd light,
The pale moon looks upon the mound ;
The Storm King often diadems
The em'rald grass with crystal gems.

A golden sunbeam on life's sea
To her I was in childhood's time ;
She rear'd, she taught, she watched me,
She bless'd me up to manhood's prime ;
I was her chief, her constant care,
Her lips taught mine the first sweet pray'r.

The grave's unyielding grasp doth hold
 My good old mother's mould'ring urn ;
 'Tis here our lives like tales are told,
 The rich and poor in hither turn :
 Life's burdens here unloose, and we
 Are lost in death's unfathom'd sea.

My mother's humble, hallow'd grave
 Throughout the years grows green and soft ;
 The rolling winds the grasses wave,
 And mem'ry keeps it held aloft :
 Resplendent there the sun will shine,
 Revolving seasons guard the shrine.*



EASTER SUNDAY.

“ He is not here ; for He is risen, as He said.”—MATT. xxviii 6.

RING loudly out, ye bells of thrilling chime !
 To-day the Mighty Vanquisher of sin
 Hath pardon, peace, and righteousness brought
 in,
 Which will last longer than the end of time !

The Roman watch, the stone, the seal to-day
 Are insecure, the grave doth Christ restore ;
 Grim Death is slain, the perfect work is o'er :
 He is the only True, the Living Way.

* Sarah Hoggarth, the mother of the Author, was the ninth of twelve children of James and Mary Hird, Langdale, at which place she was born on August 5th, 1813 ; died at Ulverston, October 1, 1887, aged 74 years. Her father died when she was very young, her mother being left to struggle with a large family. He died at Langdale, and was interred under one of the yews in Grasmere churchyard. Her mother survived her father many years ; she died at Heaves Farm, Beathwaite Green, aged 70 years, and was interred at Heversham.

He bids the dead revive, to Him look up ;
 The pangs from nail, and spear, and cruel thorn
 Are past ; His riven side no more is torn :
 For all He drained dry the bitter cup.

To fallen man, He to the rescue flew ;
 He pass'd 'neath an avenging, smarting rod :
 And all who wander from the fold of God,
 They crucify the Lord of Life anew.

Redemption's plan though vast, none are denied
 Who strive to enter in at its strait gate ;
 None need despair ; there's room for small and great,
 The work's complete, the Father's satisfied.

Throughout all time the great transaction sounds
 Above the world, its conflict, and its strife ;
 He is the Ressurrection and the Life ;
 Before Him angels cast their golden crowns.

And now He will to all His Spirit give
 Who suffer for His sake, or bear His cross :
 The end is heav'nly gain, though earthly loss ;
 His precepts are to look, believe, and live.



FOUR LAUGHS.

TUNE—" *Not good enough for me, sir.*"

AT ten she tripp'd all through the house like a fay,
 Was winsome, kind-hearted, regardful also ;
 A bright, wingless cherub was she, light and gay ;
 Her silv'ry laughter was " Ho ! ho ! ho ! "

At eighteen she'd mischievous eyes full of fire ;
 Was lofty, was clever, as wise as mamma ;
 Not one equalis'd her high heart's desire,
 Her hope-crushing laughter was " Ha ! ha ! ha ! "

At thirty she still own'd a sweet, pretty face,
 But somehow her heart had cool'd down a degree ;
 She kept within reach, in her breast was a place
 For someone ; her laughter was " He ! he ! he ! "

At forty a change for the worse had come on ;
 She had a strange feeling that pierced her soul through ;
 Her heart she kept open, prepar'd for some one,
 For he who came first, she laugh'd " Who ! who ! who ! "



IN LEVENS PARK.

If trees could speak, what wond'rous tales
 These ancient sentinels would tell.

NAIADS and wood nymphs here might proudly reign,
 Amid the unique scenes of vernal splendour ;
 A soothing breeze, like an Eolian strain,
 Floats through the groves with breathings pure
 and tender.

'Midst amber furze, close by the leaning larch,
 A group of fine wild deer at peace are grazing ;
 Far in the sky, against its azure arch,
 A heav'n-taught lark a joyous hymn is raising.

Old England's glory I behold to-day,
 Old England's strength—the oak, in goodly number ;
 Huge in their boles, they still defy decay,
 Their strong, old limbs, when rous'd, are foes to
 slumber.

Majestic elms and limes are here, whose arms
 Afford a cool, wide haven from the heat of summer ;
 The long, wide avenue of sylvan charms
 Delights each strange and pleasure-seeking comer.

Here glides the river in its pristine pride,
Changeless, yet ever changing, in its flowing ;
Above the margin of its glassy tide
A sea of trees with vernal tints is glowing.

Around me Nature in true greatness lies,
Her Maker's seal on ev'ry form is pressing ;
The varied language of each warbler vies
With angel songs when in their rounds of blessing.

Oh, lov'ly scene ! and in my native shire !
That shapes the thoughts upon the spirit stealing ;
Here may the poet wake his slumb'ring lyre,
And tune his lays with fervid, holy feeling.

Why was the scene created all so grand ?
To wean our thoughts from time and its delusions ;
On leaf and grass is the Creator's hand,
Which gives true pleasure in such rich effusions.

Roll on ! fair Kent, with sounding song of joy !
Through bushy rath, with gorse and beds of gravel ;
The white-mist wreaths to-day do not alloy,
Nor hide the silver streams that sea-ward travel.

Here would I stay and bask my time away,
'Midst songs, and streams, and each bright vernal
vision :
Be mine the joy, in life's brief summer day,
To tread the purer path to scenes elysian !





THE OLD HOME BENEATH THE HILL.

At Beathwaite Green.

YES, there it is, the grey, quaint, rural cot,
The same old house ; beneath the hill it stands,
With low, black-painted door ; but other hands
Now lift the latch, and mine long since forgot !

The ancient porch, with rough stone floor, is there ;
'Tis undisturb'd ; there's nothing strange nor new :
With heavy heart, I bade the place adieu,
In long ago, when life was young and fair.

The curling smoke mounts up aloft the same
As it has done in the long years gone by ;
The grey church spire stands out against the sky,
Amongst the trees ; on one there's still my name.

The garden near the house is trim and neat,
And there's the gate through which I've often pass'd ;
I know full well the sad, last glance I cast
At it, and at the rustic wooden seat.

Yon sturdy oak I've climb'd, its spreading boughs
I've sung amongst, when full or void of leaves ;
The tree where lovers came in summer eves,
With happy hearts to whisper lovers' vows.

The meadows wide, with hedgerows thick and green,
The silver stream that winds across the plain,
And woods of fir, tell I am back again,
And gazing 'midst some old familiar scene.

The limestone rocks, on which I lean and stop,
 Are all the same as in youth's golden time ;
 With shrinking feet, since then I've had to climb
 Life's rough, steep hill with snow upon the top.

The western sky held out long streaks of red,
 Foretelling night was on its sable march ;
 With hasty steps I cross'd an old torn arch
 That spann'd a cutting with a clayey bed.

I went and gently knock'd at the old door,
 And soon before me stood a strange, pale face ;
 No lines of recognition could I trace,
 The fireless eyes I had not seen before.

I ask'd permission to be let inside ;
 She gave consent, inside I stepp'd, and lo !
 A crowd of echoes from the long ago
 Arose within me like a rushing tide !

Echoes they were ; they held my heart in thrall ;
 The faces, voices, scenes of olden times
 Rose up with pow'r, arous'd the melting chimes
 Of silver bells which hang in mem'ry's hall.

From youth to age the change is manifold ;
 Sometimes we get a nip from hope which cheers :
 Those potent spells, the scenes of bygone years,
 Touch tender chords when we are growing old.



KIRKSTONE PASS.

A Soliloquy.

AND is this Nature ? one vast sterile wild
 With not a tree or shrub to please the eye ;
 The world shut out, and rude rocks reconcil'd
 To lashing winds which pass in fury by.

Black clouds disperse, and, near and far, unfold
 The snow's receptacles of uncouth forms ;
 Awe-struck I stand, with wond'ring gaze behold
 Immense possessions of the winds and storms.

No human form in sight, I climb alone
 The slipp'ry shelvings of the grassless fells ;
 These cheerless buildings, rear'd in time unknown,
 Are strangers to the sound of Sabbath bells.

In the dim distance, creeping mists emerge,
 Like mail-clad armies, thro' the fern-plum'd vale ;
 Thin, dwarf'd bushes nod, and o'er the verge
 Of one huge peak the rising moon beams pale.

A few wee flow'rs I meet with here and there,
 Adorning Nature's rude and riven dress ;
 Bold, gushing streams of cascades, pure and rare,
 Are within reach when thirsty longings press.

How small I seem with such vast fabrics near !
 I stand and think upon a bleak, bare sod :
 Turn how I may, I gaze in awe and fear,
 And feel as in the presence of my God.



THE DIAMOND WEDDING.

TUNE—" 'Tis Sixty Years ago."



LD Andrew Jones, one autumn time,
 Ere his day's toil was o'er,
 Tripp'd lightly o'er his own farm-yard,
 And o'er his kitchen floor.
 He called to his good old dame,
 " Come, Mary, come this way ;
 I have the best of news to tell :
 This is our wedding day."

“I know it is, my good old lad,”
She said, with glad surprise ;
She met him with the sunniest smiles
And triumph in her eyes.
With life’s good things the good wife did
The festive board adorn ;
Both he and she donn’d on their best
On this their wedding morn.

He held her hand within his own,
And sat down by her side ;
His heart was full, and so was hers,
Each tried the tears to hide.
“Your heart has always warm’d my heart,
My good old lass,” said he ;
“Though I had nought in life beside,
You’re still the same to me.

Eight olive branches we have had,
And God has taken none ;
Though they have made nests for themselves,
They drop in one by one
To see the old folks—bless the bairns !
They tell us all they know :
You’re dearer now to me, my love,
Than sixty years ago.

We’ve gone through life as we began,
The best of wives you’ve been ;
Affection’s sun has always shone
With not a cloud between.
We’ve kept together side by side,”
He said, through blinding tears,
“We’re here to-day, and each has cross’d
The bridge of sixty years.”

The good, old, honest souls live yet,
And they are what they seem ;
Though with a nest well lined, they still
Pull up against the stream.

From old and young the country round
 Congratulations flow ;
 They've reach'd old age, their locks are white
 With life's unmelting snow.



KENDAL HORNETS.

TUNE—" *Old England's True Sons.*"



THE Hornets of Kendal are brave boys and true,
 A band of choice spirits, a jovial crew ;
 With amber and black they have earned much
 glory ;

They're never dishearten'd, though wounded and gory,
 They always play up with an honest endeavour—
 The Hornets of Kendal—the Hornets forever !

Chorus.

Play up ! bonnie Hornets ! for medals and cup !
 For the fame of old Kendal, play up !
 Never say die !
 Make it a try,
 Kick the ball over the goal line !

Young, valiant, and robust, like warriors of old,
 The stern foe is faced with a frontage all bold ;
 Though termed "the insects," their sting's not so
 precious
 When dealt to the foe who come out not so gracious :
 The fame which they've won may it wither, no never !
 The Hornets of Kendal, the Hornets forever !—*Chorus.*

Each gladly obeys their 'cute captain's shrill call,
 All stalwart, bright fellows, true sons of the ball ;
 May peace and goodwill ever bind them together,
 And knit them as firm as the seams of their leather ;
 And far be the day or the strife that might sever
 The Hornets of Kendal, the Hornets forever !—*Chorus.*



AN APRIL EVENING.

Consentaneous music issues from the woods
Flush'd with the fading glow of an April sunset.

UNENVIOUS eve her black robe flings
To wood, and fen, and wind-woo'd hills;
In poplars tall the mavis sings,
Its wordless song the valley fills.

Day's aged King is borne to rest
On one huge cloud of amber dye;
Rain-drops gem earth's receiving breast,
And firs stand dark against the sky.

The wind is hush'd, and now abounds
A weight of gloom which overwhelms;
The browsing kine have gather'd round
The sturdy boles of oaks and elms.

The moon mourns not the death of day,
She waits to wear her crown of light;
The twilight's hazy, cold, and grey,
Forerunner of intruding night.

A fragrant spirit roams the dells,
Far from the busy haunts of men;
A faint, sweet sound comes from the bells,
Whose music fills the shrinking glen.

Hesperus comes and gleams afar,
Like amethyst on Night's pale brow;
And, bursting from the sky, each star
Gives warning—"Night is passing now."

And, as it pass'd, I heard a sound
 Of well-known feet, so soft and grand :
 With silver cords I soon was bound,
 And drifted into fairy-land.



FORGIVEN.

It meets the heart in true relief,
 The soul with earnest joy is free ;
 It stems the course of poignant grief,
 Like sunshine on a settled sea.



NE eve I look'd abroad and heard
 The storms of Autumn-tide ;
 The clouds upon a moonless sky
 By keen, rough winds were drifted by,
 Like huge sails, far and wide.

And he who was the prop of home
 Was out upon the sea :
 His pale wife sat, with upturn'd eyes
 Towards the blacken'd, angry skies,
 With heart in agony.

And yet she dreaded not the storm
 That lash'd the foam afar ;
 Her good man trusted Him who gave
 A power to the ruling wave
 Beyond the harbour bar.

For her and those who watch at home,
 Though dangers did annoy,
 And while he did his part perform
 His song was heard above the storm,
 His song of hope and joy.

On life's uncertain, stormy sea
 We need not sail with fear ;
 Though friends forsake, and skies look black,
 And shatter'd barques glide from the track,
 A Heav'nly-Friend is near.

The joy is great the song is heard
 In the bright courts of Heav'n ;
 Not seraphs that abide in bliss
 Can taste a purer joy than this,
 The joy of one forgiv'n.



WELCOME

*The Right Hon. James Whithead, Lord Mayor of London,
 to the Freedom of the Borough of Kendal.*

NOBLE subject, free and loyal,
 Faithful to his Queen and Crown,
 We will give him hearty welcome
 To our small, but ancient town.
 Ev'ry burgess, warmly greet him !
 Waft along, ye winds his fame !
 He has won, has nobly earned
 For himself a deathless name.

Chorus.

Raise your voices, people, gladly !
 Hail him, grasp him by the hand !
 Heart'ly welcome to the borough
 A true son of Westmorland !

Much esteemed friend and brother,
 Honour's crown'd him by the way ;
 North and south their tributes render,
 East and west their homage pay.

Hither bring your heart's best praises,
 Ring them out in joyous chimes ;
 He has strove, has ably risen
 From the depths of olden times.—*Chorus.*

Patient labour, real and earnest,
 Yields a source whence blessings flow ;
 Though in rank above his fellows,
 Still he soothes another's woe.
 Old acquaintance owns him ever,
 Not forgetting what he's been ;
 May his worth and well-earn'd laurels
 Keep forever fresh and green !—*Chorus.*



AN OLD MAN.

After seeing a Man One Hundred Years Old.

As dies the wave upon the distant sea,
 As nestling clouds near the horizon lie,
 Serene and mild in summer evening sky,
 So passes one towards eternity.

He sits with idle hands and misty eye,
 No care disturbs him as he dreams each day ;
 He dwells much in the past, on scenes away
 In the long vista of the years gone by.

He does not mourn because he is so old,
 He knows full well of life he's had his share ;
 Sometimes he'll tell—in his old easy chair—
 Strange tales, and which have often been re-told.

Beyond the line of threescore years and ten,
 With labour, sorrow, and not much strength, he
 Has reach'd the age not many mortals see—
 The snowy peak denied the sons of men.

To him the dear, dead voices loudly call :
Some touch his heart with warm and silent hand ;
All from the threshold to the spirit land
Have long since gone, and he is last to fall.

Sometimes, and when alone, the briny tears
Pursue each other down each hollow cheek ;
Grim death, ere long the vital hands will break
Which have been on the stretch one hundred years.

Man outlives man, and who can tell or sum
His actions on the busy stage of life ?
Amid his hopes, and joys, his grief and strife
He's borne away, and lost in years to come. *

* James Cunningham, or as he was locally known "Old Jemmy," had attained his 100th year when the Author paid him a visit. Jemmy was born on the 15th of August, 1780, at Killan, County Louth, Ireland. He came to England in 1802, and to Kendal in 1817, and was residing at Natland in 1819. When the battle of Waterloo was fought, he was at Welford, Northampton. He was engaged in making and looking after the repairing of canals, and was employed in the latter capacity for a great number of years on the Kendal and Lancaster Canal. During the lengthened period of his residence in the neighbourhood of Kendal he was much respected by his neighbours, and was considered a kind-hearted old man ; in fact, he had been "Old Jemmy Cunningham" as long as the oldest of his acquaintances (who was then 75) could remember. Before he came to Kendal, Cunningham worked on the Grand Union Canal, which runs from Market Harborough, at the opening of which he was present ; he was also at the opening of the Prince Regent Canal, and the Stratford and Birmingham Canals. When a lad he used to go daily (Sundays excepted) a distance of 24 miles, with hay and straw to the barracks, and this he continued to do for three years. He never had shoes or stockings on till he was nine years old, and wore petticoats till that age, when he got his first suit with one pocket in ; he was so proud of the pocket that he could not keep his hand out of it. He drove horses and plough before he was nine years of age. During war time, men being scarce, he earned 5s. per day when working on the canals in England. He was nearly 102 years old when his long life terminated. He died at Hincaster, and was interred at Natland, near Kendal.



THE LASSES OF SIXTY YEARS AGO.

TUNE—" *I am one of the Olden Time.*"

"**T**HERE'S no such lasses now-a-days,"
I've heard old cronies say ;
None heeded the new-fangled ways,
Like t' phantoms of to-day.
A lass was worth her weight in gold,
Could turnips thin and hoe :
The world's turn'd upside down, I'm told,
Since sixty years ago.

Their arms were thick, like bed-posts strong,
Their cheeks were plump and red ;
The work was done with zest and song,
Each early rose from bed.
Some cleans'd the shippon for the cow,
For horses chopped the straw :
To-day there's no such lasses now,
Since sixty years ago.

Home-brew'd they drank, and often whey,
With round-meal bread and cheese ;
The fare was three good meals each day,
None were too hard to please.
The lasses were much prouder then
Of muscle, than of show ;
And some were lusty, strong as men,
'Tis sixty years ago.

In harvest time the pride was great,
With hooks and sickles they
Cut down the grain 'midst jokes elate,
From home in fields away,

With pitch-fork and the old black nag,
 Though it was daft and slow :
 Few live to tell the deeds or brag
 Of sixty years ago.

To court his Gill no Jack felt sad,
 For church fees he then got,
 Or ere he left the altar had
 A fortune on the spot.
 But now these perky girls of ours
 Go in for cheek and jaw ;
 Misfortunes have come on like show'rs
 Since sixty years ago.



DETHRONED SPRING.

Dethron'd, but not like earthly queens,
 Destroying elements rise not :
 She leaves a splendid train behind,
 Fair Summer takes it up, and adds
 A greater grandeur full in view.



WINTER look'd stern when Spring made slow
 advance
 Across his bronzed, cheerless, curb'd domain ;
 He bluster'd and defied from hill and plain ;
 Spring seem'd inclined to shun his piercing glance.

The unconfined song birds sung at length ;
 The season's young queen, like a timid fawn,
 Was loth to stay, though Winter on his throne
 Pour'd out his wrath with signs of weak'ning strength.

Young April was dispos'd to be unkind,
 The shepherd lean'd dejected on his crook ;
 The shiv'ring blackthorn countless jewels shook,
 And paus'd to give or hold them from the wind.

No grasses sprang, the herds and flocks had pined ;
The primrose long delay'd to show its face ;
The larch threw out its rare gold dust apace—
For why ? the young, shy spring trail'd much behind.

Throughout the land the woods were gaunt and bare ;
In wood and field did hidden life-germs lurk ;
Though all unseen, they were in ceaseless work
When wild, presaging storms were in the air.

At last Spring over all her sceptre flung,
Wood, field, and hillside swell'd with tender green ;
The sycamore put on a coral screen,
And rich gold tassels from laburnums swung.

And when the swallow hail'd from lands away,
The cuckoo came with univocal song,
The cherry whiten'd in the dales among ;
Refreshing, welcome rain made all look gay.

The change was great with sedgy-border'd rills,
The valleys smil'd with precious, verdant corn ;
Perfumes own'd by the rose were found and borne
By laughing zephyrs from the rimy hills.

The roadside, field, and wood were canvassed
With common flow'rs the children love to cull ;
The heart of man with joy and praise was full,
And earth and sky each other stood to wed.

When Spring has done her work with gentle hand,
And shown her wealth to wise and the unwise,
She goes to brighten other lands and skies,
Leaves joys behind she had for Summer plann'd.





SHAP ABBEY.

“A place for beasts to lie down in.”—ZEPH. ii. 15.

THE bald, grey fragments from the olden time,
Strong in decay, have been both grand and vast;
The scribes have fail'd to give in the far past
Details of former grandeur once sublime.

Across the walls, which may have shielded crime,
The friendly ivy hides and holdeth fast
From utter woe, e'er keeps at bay the blast
Of storms which rend the vale of oak and lime.

Bereft of graces which delight the eye,
Vague, yawning spectre of a barb'rous age;
Stone-eyed Melancholy sits brooding nigh:
Fierce Saxon tribes no doubt did here engage
In deadly strife, did pompous lords defy
With spear and mail, unnam'd on history's page.



HAWES BRIDGE.

Written from a Rock.

OUR rude forefathers of long years ago
Have left no record, and no mortal knows
Who built the arch that spans the trough of
Hawes
Or plann'd it from the shelving rocks below.

Though rough in structure, strait, and grey also,
 It still defies its wildest, fiercest foes—
 The floods and storms; 'tis much admir'd by those
 Who sketch it oft where Kent's dark waters flow.

A rare old rural bridge it is, whose base
 Rests on the solid rock beneath, and is
 To-day the wonder of the present race
 Of men: few see a river scene like this;
 Nature with varied trees adorns the place,
 Which gives the artist true, unravell'd bliss.

The grey old bridge with single arch,
 With narrow pathway, ridges low;
 By whom or when it was set forth
 No mortals now are left to tell.



SONG OF THE RAILWAY STEAM ENGINE.

My name all over the country
 Is Billy, and yet I don't care:
 To all on my road when I see them
 I whistle, and they must beware.



It took long years before I came to birth,
 Labour was strain'd to gain an improv'd worth;
 And they who boldly ventur'd to explore
 My dark recesses, long unknown before,
 Toil'd not in vain, though efforts often fail'd
 To draw me out, and baffl'd hopes assail'd,
 Patience crown'd diligence, and at length
 Arous'd my latent faculty of strength:
 Foes fum'd and frown'd and much ado was wrought;
 Disasters countless and dreadful I brought.
 Vast is the route and freight to-day I take;
 Grave is my charge, I've precious souls at stake.
 Albion's gifted sons toil'd long and hard

To prove me, reap'd at last a rich reward.
 Courageous front and tireless limbs I own ;
 Dislike at first and sneers at me were thrown :
 Emperors and kings go at my bidding, and
 I'm station'd, honour'd, praised throughout the land.
 My silence, some prefer it to my speech ;
 Harsh is my voice, obdurate hearts I reach ;
 The stubborn rocks for me have had to yield ;
 A train and an erratic tail I wield ;
 Controll'd, and yet when unrestrain'd, I whisk
 By day and night for miles, and at much risk.
 My wants are great, and eager's my desire
 To be supplied with water and with fire.
 What object can, when fed from such a source,
 Outvie in strength the famous iron horse ?
 One time I went, and, with a flag unfurl'd,
 I puff'd and whistl'd through a wond'ring world.



SUNSET.

From the New Victoria Bridge.

THE bright-eyed king has gone his ample round,
 Illustrious monarch of far-stretching realms,
 Above yon hillside, sycamores, and elms,
 His arms reach over heaven's azure ground.

Vast, central source of living fire and light,
 Clouds change to gold, and as he glides along
 Towards the goal, in seas of flame among,
 He leaves his impress on the veil of night.

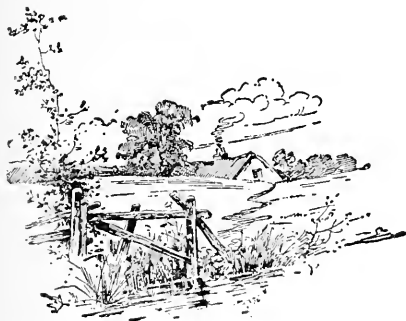
Day, like an aged man, lays down to rest ;
 The start was fair, the finish nobler still ;
 Light, lovelier far than day, rests on the hill,
 Whose breast stands out adorn'd by summer's best.

The Kent displays, and words fail to describe,
The glorious hues, the sunset's brilliant beams,
Upon its calm, its once pure glassy streams,
But now disastrous to the finny tribe.

Upon the bridge a young and fair one stays ;
She looks upon the western burnish'd skies,
And all her thoughts and soul are in her eyes ;
She lingers long, spell-bound, as in a maze.

At last she says, 'twas when her soul was stirr'd—
“ If Heaven's outside holds a sight so grand,
What must the inside be—that Better Land
Whose joys eye hath not seen nor ear heard.”

Life's day is brief, black clouds may dim its sun :
How will it set, in troublous seas and wild,
'Midst howling storms ; or will the end be mild
When night comes on, and when the journey's run ?



UNDER
THE
BEECH.



TUNE—“ *Be careful what you do.*”



NE Summer eve, beneath the beech,
A fair young couple stood ;
He tried his best her heart to reach,
To win her if he could.

He said he had an honest heart,
It was both warm and true ;
To her he e'er would do his part,
And she should never rue.

Fair maiden, do not be in haste,
Look well before you leap ;
Courtship may prove a tangled waste,
A dark, deluding deep.

She blush'd and smil'd, but did not speak,
Look'd pretty, bright, and coy ;
He press'd a sweet kiss on her cheek,
Which thrill'd them both with joy.
Beneath the black beach spreading boughs
He woo'd and bravely won ;
And when they'd pledg'd true lover's vows
A new life then begun.

Consider how the tide will go,
You've pledg'd to sail with him ;
It may prove one of joy or woe,
And you may sink or swim.

Sweet time flew on with swiftest wings :
They buoy'd each other up ;
Hope in the breast eternal springs,
She holds joy's golden cup.
Affections brightest tendrils twin'd
Round each with longing zest ;
Before the ring was bought they'd lin'd
A snug and cosy nest.

Joy light's the face with sunny smile,
Much care it keeps at bay ;
In life let it shine all the while,
In life's dark, wintry way.

One morn, and it was summer time,
With no clouds on the fells ;
There came the sound, the merry chime,
The ring of wedding bells.

Young Tim had come to claim his bride,
And now, where'er you roam,
There's not in all the world beside
A brighter, sweeter home.

When two pull up against the stream,
Sweet peace and hope it brings,
Life glides along like a fair dream,
And joy in sadness sings.



SEPTEMBER.

From the Bridge over the river Mint.



SEPTEMBER comes with heav'ly laden hands ;
She flings broadcast a rich and ample store
Of mellow fruit and grain. which all adore.
On slanting fells and the low-lying lands.

Bright Summer, faint with age, lies down to die :
A fragrant spirit haunts the fields and hills,
And well-known sounds issue from brooks and rills.
And gay, voluptuous August has gone by.

Ere Autumn's far advanced, and the trees
Have thrown aside their flaunting summer veils ;
And ere the Storm-King brings his scouring gales,
The heav'n-taught swallows start to cross the seas.

And mild-eyed Flora gathers up her train
From pastures, cultur'd gardens, and the leas :
She gives a less support to bandit bees,
And ev'rywhere song-birds are mute again.

The face of Nature, now, the same appears
As years ago, and the impressions made
From scenes around from mem'ry fade,
Like most of scenes with the sure march of years.

Much change takes place 'neath bright September skies,
 The year is crown'd with life's most precious things,
 The heart's best thanks man to his Maker brings,
 And favour'd beauteous, lov'ly Summer dies.



HARVEST THANKSGIVING.

“Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness.”

TO Him give thanks, your adoration pay,
 Who gave the former and the latter rain ;
 He crowns the year with fruit and golden grain,
 Ere destituting Winter holds his sway.

Mercies untold He gives us day by day,
 Let grateful anthems rise, with glad refrain ;
 Acknowledge Him whose ample stores sustain
 The just and the unjust along life's way.

He bids the ground take in the seed in spring,
 His wind and sun maturing powers lend ;
 The luscious vine with precious burdens bend,
 Which make the heart of men rejoice and sing.

When we appear before the Great White Throne
 The sheaves we've reap'd will be what we have sown.



IN THE PRESENCE OF DEATH.

After a man had been found dead in bed.

DEATH marks all mortals soon as they are born,
 Not one escapes his hands ; he knows them all.
 Some are allowed a few more years to live
 Than others, but at last all feel his hand :

The crowned head is no more safer than
The shoeless beggar who goes through the street.
When the old Steward Death lifts up his scythe
To lop a household of a cherish'd form,
He cuts the hearts which live, but not so deep
As to entirely stop the vital force :
Such is reserved for a future time,
And, may be, he will then cut sorer still.
Through ev'ry rank of life he goes his round
Triumphing, and he ever will triumph
Until the mighty Angel in the clouds
Awakes the dreamless dead on land, in sea,
With such a trumpet blast that Death will die
And ev'ry mortal will immortal be.

The winds blew keen and howling past,
And Winter's dreary days had come :
I stood where Sorrow's awful blast
Had struck all of the household dumb.
Before me, and not far off, lay—
Death claim'd and held his own in thrall—
The coffin'd, shrouded, pulseless clay,
Soon loathsome in the sight of all.

The blinds of windows down were drawn,
A profound stillness fill'd the room ;
With muffl'd tread and stifl'd moan,
The place was press'd with deepest gloom.
The pallid cheeks and closed eyes
I view'd, and felt an inward pain ;
The scalding tears, and sobs, and sighs
Were shed and felt—but all in vain.

The vital spark which lit the frame
Had fled, yet none knew how nor when ;
Old Rumour bore onward his name,
With arrowy flight through vale and glen.
With dead limbs smooth'd down for the grave
He lay, and he hope's fallen star ;
Deep woe arose, much like a wave
Which swept earth's cherish'd joys afar.



THE POLITICIAN.

TUNE—" *Votes are dear when beggars want them.*"

HE revels in garbage, he flings,
Not heeding aught whom he knocks down ;
He says the most desperate things,
His movements beat those of a clown. .
He's apter to curse than to pray,
He hectors as loud as he can ;
When wanting a seat he will say,
To fill one he's "just the right man."

His credit is not with a foe,
His trade is to huff and to vaunt ;
At joking he never was slow,
He's great at all manner of taunt.
He traffics in "remnants" and is
A travelling, professional swag ;
The speeches of bishops he'd quiz—
This high, intellectual wag.

A seat at St. Stephen's he wants,
To gain one he'd spout night and day ;
And then for an office he pants,
For which he can get a snug pay.
Should Fate blast his hopes and his views,
Sometimes he'll sit down and "Boo, boo ;"
The loser gets all the bad news,
The winner knows how to "Pooh, pooh."





SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER.

The wreckage of a human form
Is sad to gaze upon ; there is
The vital spark within which lives ;
When badly used, or careless fed,
Then comes the lash of conscience, which
Will give the soul deep-cutting blows,
And after that the dread account
For actions on the stage of life,
When Time has closed its golden gate
And thrust the sin-stain'd travellers out.

SHE pac'd the streets one rainy day,
With weary feet and bare ;
Her clothes were threadbare, torn and old ;
The day was bleak, the wind made bold
With her dishevell'd hair.

For bread she daily trod the streets,
With song and heart in grief ;
No home, no bread, with age was bow'd—
And from the moving, callous crowd
Few came to give relief.

With worn-out mind and aching brain
She went an aimless way ;
Her cheeks were hollow, pale, and sad ;
In the wide past one time she had
Beheld life's better day.

Adrift on life's wild, trackless sea,
With shatter'd barque and frail,
She mov'd, she scarce knew where or how,
With sunken eyes and sun-tann'd brow,—
A wreck before the gale.

Misfortune, when allied to want,
 Is an unenvious thing ;
 On whom it falls, or where it lives,
 Alike the adder's venom, gives
 A deep, remorseless sting.

No sadder object flits through life,
 And mortals scarcely heed
 A forlorn, homeless, friendless one,
 Cast far aside, and own'd by none,—
 A woman deep in need.



PARDONED.

Go ask the man who is set free,
 Who once received the felon's doom,
 And sentenced to a life-long term ;
 And white-wing'd hope had fled his breast,
 And mercy show'd a brazen front,
 With joy emerged in the dregs
 Of biting grief which eats his mind,
 And he will tell you what it meant
 When pardon came full on his heart,
 Behind the prison's grating doors,
 Shut out from consolation's warmth ;
 Where stone-eyed Melancholy sits
 And broods throughout the weary day ;
 That he once more is set at large,
 To roam with a free will and breathe
 The wholesome air which freedom gives ;
 His face lights up with sunny smiles,
 His eye is all aglow with joy ;
 His heart is full up to the top
 With thanks that he once more is free.
 He views life with a nobler aim,
 Hope is once more within his reach,

Since he to freedom was restored,
And left his shackles to the mice
Which cross'd the cell's unenvied bed
On which he laid his mangled mind.
The past to him was dark, and yet
The future then seem'd darker still.



THE BONES OF THE HUMAN FRAME. *

Uncle Toby's Reply to Fred.



FEW brief questions I will ask,
Replies I hope are no great task ;
I want to know, without each name,
How many bones in the human frame.
A woman has one more than man ;
I know that well, since first I ran
Across the Turkey carpet, when
I spoil'd, upsetting ink and pen.
The head's the top of me and you:
Replies I hope will all be true.

* The muscles in the human body number about 500. The alimentary canal is about 32ft. long. The heart is 6in. in length, 2in. in diameter, and beats 70 times per minute, 4,200 times per hour, nearly 37,000,000 times per year ; at each beat $2\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of blood are thrown out of it, 175oz. per minute, $7\frac{3}{4}$ tons per day. All the blood in the body passes through the heart in three minutes. It pumps each day what is equal to lifting 121 tons 1ft. high, or 1 ton 121ft. high. The lungs will contain about 1 gallon of air. We breathe on an average 1,200 times per hour ; inhale 24,000 gallons of air per day. The aggregate surface of the air cells of the lungs exceeds 20,000 square inches. The average weight of the brain of an adult male is 3lbs. 2oz., of a female 2lbs. 12oz. The nerves are all connected with it, directly or by the spinal marrow. The nerves, together with the tendons, arteries, and veins, probably exceed 12,000,000 in number, forming a body-guard outnumbering by far the greatest army ever marshalled. The skin is composed of three layers, and varies from one-fourth to one-eighth of an inch in

- How many bones does the head contain ?
 8 Eight, which do not hurt the brain.
 How many in each ear are found ?
 8 Four, which are an aid to sound.
 How many in the face are there ?
 14 Fourteen, when counted right with care.
 How many do each shoulder bind ?
 4 Two, one in front and one behind.
 How many does the spine unfold ?
 26 Twenty-six, both in young and old.
 How many bones in the chest abide ?
 26 Twenty-four ribs and two beside.
 How many bones are in the arm ?
 6 One in each ; two in each forearm.
 How many do the wrists declare ?
 16 Eight in each when all are there.
 How many in the palm of each hand ?
 10 Five, if rightly I understand.
 How many do ten fingers own ?
 28 Twenty-eight, when the truth is known.
 How many does each hip display ?
 2 One, which takes not long to say.
 How many bones are in each thigh ?
 2 One in each, in you and I.
 How many does each knee enjoy ?
 4 Two in each, in girl and boy.
 How many do each ankle throng ?
 14 Seven in each, but none are long.

thickness. The atmospheric pressure is about 14lbs. to the square inch. Each square inch of skin contains 3,500 perspiratory tubes, or sweating pores. The superficial area of the skin covering the body is 14 square feet, with 10,000,000 pores scattered throughout. Truly man is marvellously made ! Such is the work of Omnipotent Wisdom ! There are born into the world every year 36,000,000 babies. If these were placed in cradles side by side they would form a line 25,000 miles in length, reaching round the globe. If a man had to stand at a certain spot or post, and all these babies had to pass by him in their mothers' arms, night and day, at the rate of 15 a minute, the last lot at the finish, like the first ones, would be romping boys and girls, nearly six years old, before the last child passed the man.

How many in the ball of each foot ?
 10 Five in each, all rightly put.
 How many do the toes display ?
 28 Twenty-eight, if run none away.
 These are the bones from head to feet,
 Which make the frame with bones complete ;
 The joints have none, if so they'd mar
 The frame, and you could not run far.
 The bones together firmly fix,
 206 The sum is then two hundred and six.
 The doctors say, but not to me,
 That there are two hundred and sixty-three ;
 If so, as ten is near eleven,
 I am in want of fifty-seven ;
 So for the present we will stay,
 And hunt more bones another day.



AN AUTUMN SUNSET.

From Heversham Head.

HAIL ! sov'reign scene ! supernal seas of light,
 Admired sunset of a rosy glow !
 Filling the soul with ecstasy and awe,
 Until opposed by black'ning, blending night.

The ancient Britons doubtless have the sight
 From here beheld, the scene like that I saw
 While standing at the gate not long ago—
 The going down of day's bold king at night.

A profound calm rests on eternal hills,
 The white-faced moon comes forth from distant lands,
 (The trav'ler's breast with bright emotion thrills),
 Without a veil she climbs the skies, infils
 With light the Milnthorpe spacious, wholesome sands,
 Whose breakers roar and lave o'er Arnside strands.



SUNRISE FROM LANGDALE FELLS.

Where the mirky Firs blow.

HE comes again, day's worshipp'd King of old,
Before him fly the phantom shades of night ;
Afar project unbending shafts of light :
He scans creation with an eye of gold.

True to appointed time his works begin,
From seas of flame he scales the morning skies ;
His immense wealth of light unstinted flies
Across a world of thoughtlessness and sin.

Sky-crowned peaks receive their golden hoods,
Until one vast, one realising veil
Of lov'ly light stretches from glen to dale,
Inwrapping in its way lakes, fields, and woods.

Like marshall'd armies, down the mural hills
The sweeping, curious, curling mists descend ;
The rock-bound cascade's glimm'ring waters wend
Like silver snakes down to the sounding rills.

The same old views as in the years ago
Are seen—the mountain; village, quaint and fair ;
The curved roads and low roof'd church are there,
Which many pleasure-seeking tourists know.

Out of the heather depths the coveys flew,
With sparkling gems on their affrighted wings ;
In an old strain a woodland poet sings
An ancient song, yet ever sweet and new.

An aged dalesman sits on bald, white rocks,
 With crook in hand ; his eyes are eastward turn'd ;
 O'er the hillside, the side the sun has burn'd,
 His charges lay, his num'rous fleecy flocks.

Afar and near, the woods of gold and brown
 Are inexhaustless themes for gifted pens :
 Across the ravines, defiles, marshes, fens
 October reigns with an unrivall'd crown.



TWILIGHT.

From Warton Crag.

“Who can number the clouds in wisdom.”

THROUGH a round wood of interlacing trees
 The sunset burns, and, as the daylight flies,
 The cold, blue mists from sombre grasses rise
 Upon the lately harvest-gleaned leas.

Rises an infant, eastern, bracing breeze,
 Below the hills Sol's saffron haven lies ;
 Huge banks of flame-fring'd clouds deluge the skies
 Above the spacious, serene, southern seas.

'Midst ferny brackens sits my lady fair,
 She gazes much towards the flushing west ;
 Though plain in outer dress she looks her best,
 With sunburnt face, bright eyes, and auburn hair.

The waning moon emits a purer light,
 With changing west, and with approaching night.





A TEMPERANCE SONG.

(Received anonymously.)

TUNE—"The White Flag of Peace."

To study inebriety
In all its many stages,
Has been my joy for ages—
To test and try, to taste and see.
I've tried with porter, ale, and stout,
With sherry and with toddy,
So I can thrash the subject out,
At once, with anybody.

The symptom to appear the first
Is headache in the morning ;
But this by no means is the worst,
I'll give you timely warning.
Your energy will disappear,
Your appetite diminish ;
Your thirst will grow from year to year,
A growth without a finish.

Then you will suffer much with shakes,
See visions in the day time ;
When pink and yellow spotted snakes
Will let you have a gay time.
Your friends will give you up, your foes
Will smile whene'er they see you ;
In fact, you'll have so many woes
It won't be well to be you.



TO THE LATE CARDINAL MANNING.*

(HENY EDWARD, CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER.)

A PRECIOUS boon I have receiv'd to-day
From one who holds much power in the land
Amongst his flock, and they a num'rous band
Spread over a wide area far away.

The boon is great, it doth good thoughts convey,
Simple and plain, and good to understand;
Written with care, and all with his own hand;—
The truths are pure as is the solar ray.

The noble donor, in position great,
Confers an honour vast on one who will
Esteem it much through good report and ill :
An heirloom it will be in home's estate ;
A fellow-feeling doth respect create ;
The past with pleasant thoughts doth mem'ry fill.



THE WELCOME GUEST.

THE day was dreary, it was dark and cold ;
From leaden skies there came incessant rain,
And all wish'd for the sunshine's smile again ;
It had long been denied to young and old.

*The Cardinal bought a copy of "Evening Strains," and wrote a beautiful and encouraging letter to the Author, presenting him at the same time with a copy of his own works "Sin and its Consequences," 258 pages, with his autograph on the fly leaf.—September 16, 1890.

The outer world was dismal all the day,
 But I receiv'd a bright and sunny bloom
 Of starry blossoms, lighting all the room—
 It was a letter from my dear one, far away.



SONG OF THE MOSS ROSE.

Troutbeck Valley.

MIDST thorn and leaves I can blush and burn,
 I sway in a garden rare ;
 I grace the spot where the feath'ry fern
 Nods much in the corner there.
 Yon brooklet's song, it is sweet and grand,
 Its music is old and free ;
 The flowers are fair that deck yon land,
 But none are so fair as me.

My lips are soft, like the downy snow,
 And many a heart they thrill ;
 With the passing breeze my treasures flow
 To peer and to those who till.
 Beneath the fells I'm in bloom and live
 When lilies are brown and wan ;
 Own'd by the rich, I do always give
 A smile to the poorest man.

Modest and fair in my red dress, I
 Am called the flowers' queen.
 My sister is white who lives close by ;
 Her breath it is sweet and clean.
 Cultur'd and nurs'd by a fair maid's hand,
 My spices to all I pour ;
 My kindreds are known throughout the land
 At many a cottage door.

When autumn has come I lose my dress,
 The winds beat my naked form ;
 Powerless I droop beneath the stress
 Of blows from the homeless storm.
 Born in the light of a summer's day,
 My presence is brief to all ;
 Ere winter comes down, with visage grey,
 I've reach'd my season's goal.



THE CHOICE AT WINDERMERE.

Mirabile dictu.



ONE autumn tide, when the sun was high,
 He stood and talk'd till his eyes read hers,
 Beneath the shade of the wayside firs,
 Where three roads meet, with the lake close by.

Ere long they stroll'd through wood and lea,
 Through stile and gate and for miles away :
 The hours soon passed into dusky grey,
 For he was in love, and so was she.

Awhile they gaz'd on the bright, calm lake ;
 His arm went gently around her waist ;
 It seem'd to each that the swift hours rac'd—
 Each was as happy as joy could make.

And from a seat that was brown and green
 They watch'd the boats (some lay at rest)
 Glide gaily over the lake's white breast,
 Which gave much life to the moonlight scene.

"I wish," said he, "that I own'd a yacht,
 I'd bravely face upon life's wide sea
 Its storms ; if I'd you to sail with me,
 I then would sigh for no brighter lot."

Then thought she, "it is time to avow."
 "For my part," she said, "I'd much prefer
 To-night, while under the birch and fir,
 To have a nice little *smack* just now."



OCTOBER.

October, Autumn's strong right hand,
 Strips Nature of her floral crown.

THE year once more holds out her open hand
 With boons unstinted, and for each and all.
 Trees old and young, unnotic'd, great and small,
 Drop shapeless, crumpl'd leaves on stream and land.

Autumn, the year's sunset, looks bright and grand ;
 Ere it is far advanced, the cold mists fall,
 With length'ning nights which come like a huge pall
 To hide Dame Nature with her quadrant wand.

The harvesters are busy with the grain,
 Intent to house it from the coming rain ;
 The orchards bend with ripe and mellow store
 Waiting to be into the garner borne ;
 Abundance here and there the earth adorn,
 Making the heart of man with joy run o'er.



THE LINGERING FLOWER.

The song-birds of summer have vanish'd :
 The flowers—there is only one ;
 And the golden glory of summer,
 Like the freshness of life, has gone.

AMIDST dank grass, on a cheerless plain,
 It lifts its head to a threat'ning sky ;
 It bravely faces the driving rain
 Which often falls on its soft, mild eye.

Alone it lives on a slender thread,
 To a benighted trav'ler waves ;
 Its summer fragrance is not all shed,
 Some flows yet over the seed-grass graves.


Billions of flow'rs of luscious bloom
 In gardens and fields have ceased to blush ;
 The woods are gaunt, and in solemn gloom,
 Free from the lyrics of finch and thrush.
 The forests tremble beneath the lash
 Of thundering storms which come and go ;
 Unbruised it comes through the yearly crash
 Of Nature, and greets the hills' first snow.

Thin blue mists rise from the pulseless brook,
 November is surly, cold, and grey ;
 The birds have their airy nests forsook,
 Ere winter assumes tyrannic sway ;
 And yet it lives, and was once unseen
 Amidst the countless bright lips of bloom,
 When Flora reign'd upon hillsides green,
 And spoke in language of sweet perfume.

When days are brief, and the stars shine long,
 It yields a joy to a pilgrim near ;
 The only one of a starry throng
 To gem the breast of the dying year.
 This life is not all one wild waste,
 The flower of Hope doth our minds engage ;
 Though youth goes by with its joys in haste,
 It lingers on throughout weary age.



A CRACKER.

OURTSHIP is sweet and full of bliss,
 The honeymoon's twin sister :
 Where is the man to gainsay this—
 A wedded life's a blister ?



SONG OF THE LEAF.

In Spring I was born,
In Summer was fed,
In Autumn I languish,
In Winter am dead.

FORSAKEN, I lay by the roadside alone,
Mud-stain'd and crumpl'd beside a large stone.
In May I was born, when the birds were in tune,
Was nourish'd, admir'd ; I look'd gay in June ;
My home it was lofty, between earth and sky,
In summer oft view'd by the sun's golden eye.

I sway'd o'er the daisy that liv'd down below,
She look'd up to me, with her face white as snow ;
I laugh'd when the winds tried to thrust me from home,
To push me to streams that were white with the foam.
The rain's diamond dress was a treat in the storm,
With jewels I shone as they hung from my form.

I liv'd not alone in the tall trees among,
Surrounded by flow'rs and sweet birds of song ;
The zephyrs came forward when evenings were grey
And gave me a kiss as they went on their way ;
A green coat I wore all the time I was young ;
The cuckoo was near me one day when he sung.

Beneath sunny skies I have bask'd in repose,
One eve I bow'd much at the birth of a rose,
I wav'd in the breeze like a pennon on high ;
Like wee parachutes, saw the thistle-downs fly :
In pensive colophon, the summer-tide gone,
I lay near the aftermath, car'd for by none.

Depriv'd of my home, and to never return,
 A lesson, pray take, from my brown fragile urn :
 When young, strong, and bright, I was held in much
 thrall,

I never once dreamt to have such a fall ;
 To pine in decay I must now, worn and old ;
 The world looks on with a face strange and cold.

And yet on the bough where I once had to live,
 When winter is over I'll rise up and live—
 To live in the land of the golden King Cup,
 Perhaps on a seat that is much higher up ;
 To move in a raiment all freshness and green,
 In newness of life, as if grief had not been.



THE FIRST FALL OF SNOW.

“The strength of the hills is His also.”



N the eastern side of the Kent vale
 I stand to gaze at the peaks in white—
 Huge chains of hills to the left and right,
 From Whinfell range to beyond Langdale.

Grand are the slopes of the distant hills,
 In sheets of delicious silver greys,
 With cloudless sky and the sun's bright rays—
 A lov'ly prospect the valley fills.

Throughout the vale there are many woods,
 Leafless and black they all look to-day ;
 Boreas keenly asserts his sway
 Down the old hills in their winter hoods.

From thick, dank grass blue mists accrue,
 Rolling beneath far hills of snow ;
 The nearer hills they are all aglow
 With dying brackens of russet hue.

The eye long lingers amid the scene,
 Surveying the lordlier hills afar,
 Adorn'd with copse, and majestic are
 Munitions of rocks which intervene.

The sight is rare to the young and old,
 And where the estuary's waters run,
 Through wealth of light from the morning sun,
 It gleams in the vale like molten gold.

And while the eye is upon the fells
 The ear is thrill'd with sweet music rare—
 Which softly floats through the autumn air—
 The ever fresh tones of Sunday bells.

Life goes on with a steadier flow,
 And white-wing'd Hope looks not so gay ;
 We stand sometimes in our aim and way,
 And strangely view life's first fall of snow.



KING CHRISTMAS.

TUNE—" *To Absent Friends.*"

KING Christmas comes across the snow
 With treasures laden, as of old :
 He holds a boon for high and low,
 And angels tune their harps of gold ;
 He warms young hearts, like sun-kiss'd flow'rs,
 Young eyes look tenderly in ours.

Though Winter rules with rigid stress,
 And throws his laces round the hills,
 King Christmas comes awhile to bless,
 And ev'ry eye with light infls ;
 Throughout the street, amid the noise,
 He lights the hearts of girls and boys.

Across the waste of bygone years
 We gaze and start with sudden pain ;
 We eye the past with unshed tears,
 And wish to join old friends again,
 Who touch our hearts with silent hand,
 At Christmas, from the shadow land.

They pass'd, and left no footprints here ;
 The snows of Time soon clos'd them o'er :
 We only hold their mem'ry dear,
 Their words, their looks, a tender store.
 King Christmas brings new friends to greet,
 To soothe and cheer with joys replete.

His heart is large, he keeps a place
 For ev'ryone, for old and young ;
 He greets the poor with smiling face,
 And bids old care to winds be flung :
 Wild are his songs with cheering chime,
 And wild the bells at Christmas time.

His stay is brief, with honours blest,
 Array'd with holly, lightly crown'd ;
 And mortals hail the Heav'n-sent guest
 With eager feet the world around.
 May Christmas fun and Christmas cheer
 Bring ev'ryone a glad New Year !



NOBODY CARES.

An unfortunate life is like dust in the machinery of a clock.



WEARY and wan, in a cheerless room,
 He lies on his bed of straw ;
 His feet no more
 Will pace the floor,
 Nor press on the creaking stairs.

Disease has eaten away his bloom,
 Forlorn, he mourns in depths of woe :
 None come to see
 How fareth he—
 Nobody cares !

Pinched by hunger, she treads the street,
 Shatter'd in body and mind ;
 With tuneless song,
 She goes along,
 And old is the dress she wears.
 She wades through the mud with shoeless feet :
 No one seems nor feels inclin'd
 To give nor grant
 Relief to want—
 Nobody cares !

Through alley and court the wind blew keen,
 The snow had begun to fall ;
 She reach'd a place,
 With sad, lean face,
 She told her tale to Dives, who fares
 On life's good things, with its joys between :
 Scorn he gave, and that was all ;
 He bang'd his door
 Against the poor—
 Nobody cares !



SONG OF THE CROCUS.

Mint Cottage Garden, near Kendal.



LIVE in a home of one long night,
 And once in the year I push with might
 Through hard, bleak ground.
 Although I come but awhile to bloom,
 I find all things in the same old gloom
 When last time round.

Born in the storm of King Winter's reign,
And almost first in gay Flora's train,
 To light and thrill
The eyes of all who look round this way,
In rain or hail, and when harsh winds play
 From hill to hill.

My face is small, yet with flame aglow ;
My sister there, she's as white as snow,
 Most calm and fair.
We breathe not much, but our love is great :
The maidens fair in our presence wait
 Our love to share.

I never hear the sweet birds of song,
But sleep in peace all the summer long
 Through sheen and shade ;
The snowdrop always comes out to look
At me in my neat and wind-woo'd nook,
 White, fond hands made.

I cannot speak of the summer's rose,
I've seen her not, and she never knows
 Where I reside.
Sometimes the primrose moves much to me
Across the streams running wild and free
 In ancient pride.

Throughout dark days and long nights of cold
I spend my youth, and I die when old,
 Ere swallows come ;
And all who tread on the path close by
Look down on me with delighted eye,
 Prais'd much by some.

When Spring re-opens with stores of green,
I've vanish'd then—I am nowhere seen—
 I've had my time ;
Beneath the wall where nude poplars bend
Secure I live, and in winter spend
 My strength and prime.

By man I'm hail'd as a noble gem,
 To give a joy, and to diadem
 Earth's cold, bare breast.
 Far-off from June and her leafy throngs,
 And ere the birds come with stirring songs,
 Unseen I rest.



A WINTER MORNING AND EVENING.

Morning.

SOL lights the east with vanguard clouds ablaze ;
 Through Winter's misty banners, day comes
 slow ;
 The ice-king leaves the mere without a flaw—
 One diamond—much enjoy'd in skating days.

Behind black-column'd clouds the sun delays
 To give his slanting splendours to the snow ;
 The lordly hills receiv'd not long ago
 Delicious sprinklings of silver-greys.

The bleating ewes on the wild moorland bare
 Espy afar the shepherd at the gate ;
 All run, he bears for them a bundle great
 Of sweet, crisp hay, and each enjoys the fare.
 A ray of light gilds Winter's hoary head,
 And Nature mourns, each trace of beauty fled.

Evening.

The sun-god leaves one long, red cloud behind,
 And soon it melts into a primrose bar ;
 Grey, sober twilight holds eve's lustrous star,
 Which glows through rifted clouds chas'd by the wind.

Eve's vig'rous, fertile sheen we cannot find,
 It has gone down the west to man afar ;
 Each gleaming star doth the eye's limit mar,
 Horn'd Luna peeps through clouds deep silver-lin'd.

Why is it that the great, old northern heart
 Throbs high and oft above day's recent doom,
 As if in sympathy for Winter's gloom ?
 O'er cold, steel'd skies fork'd tongues of white flame dart,
 And like the mighty, grand Aurora's sweep,
 Thoughts run through splendours of the northern deep.



SONG OF THE
 ROBIN.



When a winged messenger taps at your window for
 alms, and thanks you with song, you can at
 once guess his name.

My home's in a box, all silver'd with ice,
 No one disturbs it, 'tis easy and nice,
 When all day snowing.
 To see me, a friend peeps in now and then ;
 She owns a round house, 'tis pert Jenny Wren,
 Head often bowing.

Summer brought plenty, friends then were gay,
 With silvern tongues, in green meadows away,
 Fragrant with flowers.

Autumn, with sickle across her brown side,
Came forward ; all fled, and none now abide
In summer's bowers.

I sing on a branch, all leafless and bare,
Oft friendless and cold, yet never despair,
I keep on singing.
A smiling young maid comes nigh me each day,
She says "pretty Bobbie," and oft on a tray
Dainty crumbs bringing.

Winter yet breathes, a chilblain'd old weird,
He frowns much, with sleet on his grisled beard,
And cold, dead dimness.
Unique and dark, the rare trees which are nigh,
Planted and shaped in years long gone by,
They show their trimness.

When man from his labour went home one night,
I peep'd through a pane and saw a rare sight,
And was caught nearly ;
I saw only two—Sir Bright Face and Miss—
His arm 'round her waist—gave her such a kiss—
I heard it clearly.

She blushed and look'd light-hearted and coy,
His heart, I am sure, went pit-pat for joy,
Much with her sporting.
The night passed on, but I cannot tell how,
I flew to my home, 'neath the black beechen bough,
And left them courting.

The next night I slyly peeped again,
Beheld the same two in the parlour quite plain,
To her he humbled.
I watch'd him awhile, when a wing I let drop ;
He tried hard, but could not the question pop—
His faint heart fumbled.





GROWING OLD.

TUNE—"Going down the hill."

I AM just fifty-nine to-day,
Life's golden dreams are past ;
And as I tread life's wintry way,
Whose shades are creeping fast,
I think upon those times gone by,
Which oft have been re-told,
When life was young, with azure sky,
Before I had grown old.

Chorus.

There're many slips on life's rough road,
There always were and will ;
A lift doth often ease a load
When going down the hill.

Youth glided on with breezy wing,
And like fair April skies ;
Hope held out much, to such we cling
When bright emotions rise.
Life's cherish'd joys have pass'd along,
Like sunbeams on the wold ;
To-day I cheer myself with song—
I know I'm growing old.—*Chorus.*

Home is an English word so bright,
It gives the heart a thrill ;
Life's purer gems have dropp'd from sight,
Fond ones are hush'd and still ;

And yet they touch with silent hand
 My heart's blood, which runs cold ;
 To-day I'm near the Shadow Land,
 Disabled, grey, and old.—*Chorus.*



A DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

Endmoor Valley.



Young morn breaks in upon a slumb'ring world,
 Unfolds the book of Nature far and wide ;
 The sheep have pearls on each woolly side ;
 The clouds, like white sails, winds have not
 unfurl'd.

The trees stand still, with shining jewels hung ;
 Across the lawn a maid trips light and gay ;
 She owns the bloom the roses threw away,
 Her full, round cheeks are pretty, fair, and young.

A blessing seems to rest on all around,
 The air is one deep, solemn sea of calm ;
 A mavis gives his thrilling morning psalm,
 And kine graze on the dew-bespangl'd ground.

The artizan goes forth with gladden'd eyes ;
 Before young morn has shook his crystall'd wings
 He starts his work with merry heart and sings,
 And often scans the east's deep flushing skies.

The bold exhibits many hearts enthral ;
 From Winter's grip, the brook sings light and free,
 And gleams like molten silver on the lea,
 In precious sunlight smiling upon all.

All hearts are thankful for the heav'n-sent boon ;
 The farmer with his team turns up the soil,
 His arms are bared, and whistling at his toil,
 The racing hours run into claspings noon.

The sun has reach'd meridian skies, his rays
 In rich profusion fall upon the woods,
 Feeding the life germs of the bursting buds,
 And breaking into green the blackthorn sprays.

Worn out with toil, the workman homeward goes,
 He speaks, and says "how grand this day has been;"
 The night comes down with day's retreating sheen,
 A southern breeze, and cooling, gently flows.

The western sky exposes depths of light,
 And swooning sleep doth weary workman seize,
 Who rests at home, and undisturb'd takes ease.
 Thankful at heart for the returning night.

The moon comes forth and silvers all the dale,
 Her splendour reaches 'cross the rimy hills;
 Her round, white eye with light the valley fills.
 And now and then peeps through a virgin veil.



THE RIVER KENT.

From a Limestone Quarry.

FOR centuries has roll'd each mimic wave
 Through flow'ry meadows, and beneath the feet
 Of frowning fells, through crisped air and sleet
 And driving rain when tempests howl and rave.

Forever ocean-ward it moves along,
 By night and day, through moon and sunlight gleam,
 With silver etchings blazon'd on the stream,
 Till lost the mighty ocean surge among.

So flows my life through scenes of joy and woe;
 The bark is frail, yet often gliding free;
 Sometimes the desert's guest I seem to be;
 Around me sometimes life's bright flowers blow;
 Yet, like the river, I must onward go
 Till I have reach'd the vast eternity.



DRIFTING.

Launch'd on Time's uneven wave,
The mightiest move towards the grave.

UPON our life's day night is ever falling,
And we through dark, unsunnied spots are blown ;
Out of the past we oft hear voices calling,
To tread on paths unknown.

We tread the paths, but whither are we drifting,
From "over there" sometimes come blissful rays,
A fresh face now and then to ours lifting ;
We tread in dead men's ways.

And though the path it may be rough and olden,
Yet we may seek and find much to enjoy :
Our life is not all one bright chain and golden ;
There is much base alloy.

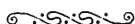
When Joy comes forth, not far off lurketh Sorrow,
They are twin sisters, never far apart ;
We may be glad to-day, and on the morrow
Be griev'd and sad at heart.

It is a long lane if there is no turning,
A long drawn line is not without a bend ;
We find no homes but there are some hearts burning
With griefs which press and rend.

The blessings we receive no one can limit,
Like muffl'd bells, our heart's do always chime ;
The brightest life hath shadows that will dim it
While on the waste of Time.

The cup of joy no one can truly measure,
 It stands not still, but dwindles into pain ;
 Life doth but hold a brief, unforeseen pleasure,
 Like sunshine after rain.

Bright Youth goes by, and leaves an old existence,—
 And what is it when we sum up the whole ?
 We may not have gone far in the dim distance
 Before we reach the goal.



GOOD FRIDAY.

“He said: It is finished.”

TO-DAY, oh man, much time bestow
 To view the sight ne’er seen before ;
 Turn back with faith to scenes of yore
 The wond’ring angels view’d with awe.

An eager throng uproarious stand
 Around one Victim, sad to view ;
 The deed since then—’tis always new—
 Hath glanc’d and spread through ev’ry land.

The trembling earth and darken’d skies
 Bear witness to a woful sight,
 The sun withholds his bars of light,
 Uplifted high, Immanuel dies !

The day is one vast theme all through :
 He is my hiding place and shield,
 And by His stripes I’m safely heal’d ;
 He bled and died for me and you.

Ring loudly out the world around,
 Ye joyous bells, with telling glee ;
 The debt is paid and I go free,
 Jehovah hath a ransom found.

The work is done, amazing love !
 Redemption is complete, and I
 Adore Him, and on Him rely,
 Who left the sinless realms above.

A stream now flows, a crimson tide,
 The fountain's vast for sin begun ;
 Across the ages it has run,
 Commencing with The Crucified.



THOSE BYGONE YEARS.

TUNE—" *The Evening Bells.*"

TIME bears me fast away
 On pressing waves of woe ;
 I've reach'd the shadows grey,
 The time of frost and snow.
 The winds of life blow keen,
 Abundant are its fears ;
 I oft view sights I've seen
 Back in those bygone years.

Chorus.

The evening bells ring grand,
 With flowing, melting chimes ;
 The thrilling tones do land
 Me into olden times.

The years which pass along
 Bring nothing to abide ;
 I move on with the throng,
 And pull up with the tide.
 Young Hope, like summer morns,
 Though bright, oft disappears ;
 Life's purest joys have thorns
 Grown in those bygone years.—*Chorus.*

The boundless waste of time
Yields light and joy to me ;
In mem'ry's sunny clime
I reign a king and free.
Though life reads like a tale
Soon told, it often cheers :
Emotions bright assail
Me from the bygone years.—*Chorus.*



AN APRIL DAY.

On Levens Flats.

I.

FIERCE, biting Winter yet shows face and frowns,
The clouds run wild, forc'd by bold Norland
steeds,
Sprinkling with wholesome snow the lowland
meads:
The fields are yet array'd in greys and browns.

The thund'ring tones of the wild tempest drowns
The weaker voices of each stream that feeds
The babling brook, adorn'd with piping reeds,
Which play'd their best when fields held flow'ry crowns.

High winds sport with the gold dust of the larch ;
The primrose scarcely blooms, 'tis backward, and
The plain tree's corals drop upon the land,
Strewn with the rich, proverbial dust of March ;
And where nude lime trees like grim giants stand
The swollen streams rush through each quaint, grey
arch.

II.

The wreathing storm is o'er, each shadowy cloud
 Moves slow, and which the winds now cease to thong;
 The throstle tries his first faint undersong
 Before he gives his music clear and loud.

The hind o'er hillside field, already plough'd,
 Broadcast throws precious grain the soil among;
 Like a black avalanche, and all day long,
 Beyond a trespass board, rooks caw and crowd.


The western skies, suffused with primrose tints,
 Are gilding all with deep vermillion gleam;
 Throughout the old, dim wood and flow'r-hemm'd
 stream,
 And over far, white cliffs, the soft light glints;
 O'er sand banks drill'd in holes sand martens flit,
 And midges dance, in compact circles knit.



THE TWO POETS.

Near the Bee Hive Inn, Stainton.

I.

HILE April was unkind to field and wood,
 The young wheat fainted for the want of rain,
 And blight appear'd on Ceres' new domain,
 Where two of Nature's uncrown'd nobles stood.

Not high in birth, nor grac'd with Norman blood,
 When others could not, each could entertain
 Himself with ample thoughts, on fell and plain,
 Reviewing Nature in her soft, green hood.

The golden gorse on brant hill sides supplies
A fertile vein for study deep and long ;
Instructive themes are ever found for song
Where many fail to trace them or despise :
In Nature's fold not all do recognise
An All-wise Being in His works among.

II.

When morn is born and ushers in the day,
And night relights her vast and central fires,
Th' poetic mind rests not, and yet retires
To court retreats from busy scenes away.

The babel sounds of rivers frill'd with spray
Are grand old tunes creating new desires ;
A breeze-blown cloud th' poetic mind admires,
A common flow'r escapes not from a lay.

The glory roll of fame may not own those
Who met beneath fair April's azure dome.
At peace with all, and in a humble home,
'Midst Nature's wrecks and splendours they repose ;
The sky-lark's song doth purer joys disclose
Than conqu'ring armies' triumphs did in Rome.



MAY: ON GRAYRIGG FELLS.

From an old, broken Gate.

I.

MILLIONS of lips of luscious flowers
Rekiss the crystal rain which diadems
The budding hedgerows with bright sparkling
gems,
In breezy meads, refresh'd with virgin show'rs.

The cherry ripens in wild woodland bow'rs,
And here and there the bramble's prickly hems
Surround the primroses with fragile stems,
Which, cull'd, give wilder bliss to racy hours.

Throughout the vast and bright inviting dale
Rustics stroll forth, and do their stay prolong,
On couchy hillsides and green fields among ;
They stop to gaze and the pure air inhale ;
The mountain thrush pours forth his mellow song
Beside the black-sloe in a bridal veil.

II.

The landscape smiles beneath a gleaming sun ;
The shining beads have vanish'd from the trees
In quest of flow'rs ; and o'er the verdant leas
A crowd of bright-eyed, joyous children run.

The lilies, which have neither toil'd nor spun,
Expose their nectar to the busy bees ;
The Seasons' Queen, amid the balmy breeze,
To hide King Winter's wreckage hath begun.

The lark comes forth, an English, Heav'n-taught bird,
Soars o'er the rainbow, with his melting trills,
Mingling his music with the chiming rills ;
The plough boy stands to list, whose soul is stirr'd :
And far and near, on the surrounding hills,
The cuckoo's universal song is heard.





THE CUCKOO IN LEVENS PARK.

The cuckoo doesn't stop sa lang,
And not aboon a day
When he has clapp'd his een upon
The first girt cock o' hay.

“**C**UCKOO, cuckoo,” issues through em’rald trees
Which grace the Kent, whose silv’ry breast
heaves slow :
The keeper stands to list ; all rustics know
The cuckoo’s song, which blends with spring to please.

Beneath the oaks the red deer graze in ease ;
On a hill side where ferny brackens grow,
Near an old thorn, I heard, in years ago,
The cuckoo’s voice ; it fills to-day the breeze.

The restless minstrel of returned spring
Vouchsafes to give a hearty, stirring lay ;
The song of steadfast joy, and welcome wing,
He takes ere long to sunny isles away.
Loud is the thrilling and melodious ring
Of cuckoo’s voice in Levens Park to-day.



THE BLACKSMITH AND FORGE.

THE BLACKSMITH.

A STAUNCH old Tory dwells at Causeway End—
Straightforward, honest, and means what he
says ;
’Gainst no one he will any falsehood raise ;
His own cause ever nobly doth defend.

He scorns a mean act ; he will condescend
 To do a good one, and court no one's praise ;
 Contented with his lot, he spends his days
 In wholesome toil, to it doth well attend.

Though blunt in manners, he is free from cant ;
 His mind is well-stock'd with the village lore ;
 Season'd with talk, the neighbours seek his door,
 To have a chat with one who loves to grant
 Room for all comers on his smithy floor :
 On topics he is neither bald nor scant.

THE FORGE.

It stands, unenvied, on the hamlet's edge,
 Amid the yews and almost out of sight ;
 The forge fires roar with tongues of ruddy light
 Before the first wild bird chirps in the sedge.


The anvil loudly rings beneath the sledge,
 Its music greets the dawn that glimmers white,
 Till rosy sunset crowns the brow of night,
 And the bright fringes fade on far hills' ledge.

And when the night owl cries to whisp'ring leaves,
 And crimson'd clouds have chang'd to sober grey,
 The forge fire slumbers and then dies away ;
 The sparrows mute in the old smithy eaves,
 The smith retires, thankful for closing day,
 With face and arms as black as his shirt sleeves.



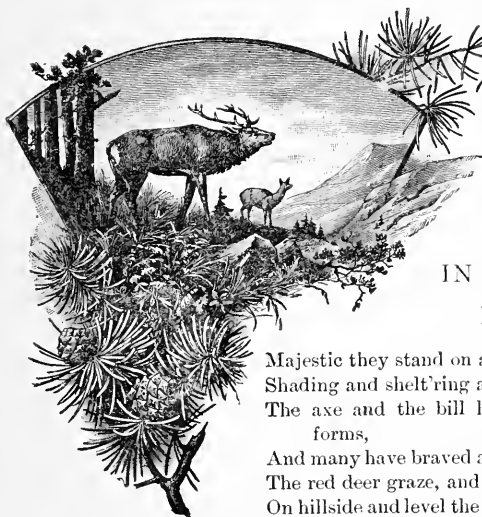
THE SUMMER BREEZE.

From a large Boulder.

OFT as the kiss of a young maiden fair,
 Laden with fragrance from the wood and field,
 The summer breeze most welcome joy doth
 yield ;
 The orchis throws its scent far through the air.

For Winter's tiresome aches a balsam rare
 Is held to all, from flow'rs and buds long seal'd ;
 The roadside lindens give an ample shield
 To weary trav'lers from the sun's fierce glare.

It gently passes where the lilies show
 Their white and gold, alike the robes of kings ;
 Across the mere it hath a magic flow—
 The dragon flies here flash their glitt'ring wings ;
 A pure and holy psalm, where poppies grow,
 The summer breeze goes freely on and sings.



BENEATH
 THE
 TREES
 IN LEVENS
 PARK.

Majestic they stand on a lov'ly spot,
 Shading and shelt'ring a neighbouring cot ;
 The axe and the bill have spared their
 forms,
 And many have braved a thousand storms.
 The red deer graze, and may ever be found
 On hillside and level the whole year round.

BENEATH the trees, and here are many trees
 Aloof in age and might, I gaze, alone,
 On untold wealth of foliage, tint and tone,
 And legendary boughs brush'd by the breeze.

The golden light of sun on city walls
Gives birth to joy—whence comes the placid spell
Which holds to-day, with room for thought as well,
And there is much where th' old tree's shadow falls.

The furze lights up with gold black rocks close by,
Which overhang the river's quiv'ring breast ;
And where deep waters gleam, and all at rest,
The depths give back huge tutelar oaks and sky.

The bees, with minim hums like zephyrs, steal
The hearts' perfumes of flowers blushing rare ;
And though the twinkling scenes our ills don't share,
Yet they the aches of weary moments heal.

Soft, silv'ry cloudlets gently float above,
Above the trees, those grand, old oaks from God,
Held out to all and nurtur'd by the sod,
Surrounding like a mother's sleepless love.

The gadding briar claims the path I know ;
And through the cavern'd isle of elms and oaks,
Strange thoughts arise, when pacing on the walks,
Of great forefathers of long years ago.

The pent-up firs are pretty, and adorn
The hill-side with projecting old tree stump ;
The sportive leveret with brown "bunnie" jump.
Across the path beneath the stooping thorn.

Rare are the scenes to all who grace the spot
And gaze along the avenue of old ;
Time rings out changes and the lust of gold,
Possessors die, and soon all are forgot.

The vast retreats in shade, with wide-spread throng
Of sturdy oaks and elms and rare old limes,
Are faithful preachers from the olden times,
And powerful agents to the lords of song.

The sky dissolves in light o'er hills away ;
 And sailing from the east, calm and serene,
 Without a veil, glows night's majestic Queen,
 The crowning glory of a summer day !



THE SHOWER.

On Haverbrack Hill.

I.

THE land was parch'd for want of wholesome rain ;
 The violets drooped—all their fragrance shed ;
 The blighted leaves of branches overhead
 Look'd weary for the show'ry bath again.

No song-bird came with sweet and tender strain ;
 The winds were mute, the grass look'd bare and dead ;
 And from the woodland's depth, where briars spread,
 Came the soft murmuring of the dove's refrain.

In the far south, the size of a man's hand,
 A pure white cloud came forth, borne on the breeze—
 The windflowers laugh'd beneath the stirring trees,
 Beside the old baronial mansion grand—
 It gently spread across the southern seas,
 It seem'd a message from a distant land.

II.

Black, craggy clouds rose high on heav'n's deep blue,
 Supporting that which hail'd from southern lands ;
 And when the rain came down trees clapp'd their
 hands,
 The grass and flow'rs assum'd a richer hue.

The bow of promise soon came into view,
The sun held golden shafts o'er Arnside's strands,
Which reach'd across the glitt'ring tidal sands,
And vig'rous odours from broad meadows flew.

Millions of diamonds shone on verdant corn,
The brook sang louder through the jewell'd wood,
The robin, like a living ruby, stood
Above his nest in an old stunted thorn ;
And when the precious rain had done much good
To man and beast, to other scenes 'twas borne.



THE BROKEN PITCHER.

Hope hath dark clouds with light beyond.

SHE took it out with her, a new brown one,
And, with her lamb, went down into the brook ;
The lamb and maid did a bright picture look,
A picture rarely seen or gaz'd upon.

They reach'd the brook, the lamb it was the first ;
It saw the water gleaming in the sun,
And, like the girl, it was fond of a run ;
It left her by herself, to quench its thirst.

The maid ran, too, with pitcher in her hand,
And when she had got nigh the brook she fell,
The pitcher flew before her like a shell,
And broke amongst the pebbles on the sand.

She rose in haste, and all her thoughts were set
Upon the pitcher, which in fragments lay
Amongst the stones upon the rough roadway :
She sat down on the ground to weep and fret.

The lamb look'd up, it saw something was wrong ;
 It trotted off towards the little maid,
 And walk'd around her and at last it laid
 Its head upon her lap—gaz'd at her long.

She took no notice, for the sorrow was
 So great and grievous which she had to bear :
 Not to be done, the lamb pull'd at her hair,
 Which hung behind, and this arous'd the lass.

She jumped up to chase the lamb, which had
 Run off across the lawn whose grass was brown ;
 She laugh'd outright when her pet-lamb fell down ;
 Her heart was heal'd, and she again was glad.

Hope hath dark clouds, and yet bright rays burst
 through,
 Upon life's narrow shore the raindrops fall,
 Through gloom and dusk sweet, far, faint voices call,
 And joy emerges through the shade, and true.



TO HANNAH.

The hey-day of life, it is brief and soon gone,
 The future's before you to make or to mar ;
 Let innocence e'er be your priceless pearl,
 A virtuous life scatters blessings afar.

A CHARACTER by noble deeds is great,
 Who see and do their duty well are wise ;
 Greater it is to be at peace with all ;
 It makes the soul feel nigh to Paradise.

The coming years will prove, if spar'd to see,
 What tints and gems of noble thought are yours ;
 Pure are the joys that crowd a humble mind,
 Humility throughout all time endures.

A noble deed will lift you unaware
 Out of earth's meaner things with glad surprise ;
 And gentle manners, they touch many hearts,
 And cause the thoughts to higher levels rise.

Life is a journey, and it is a stage,
 With earnest effort you can act a part ;
 Beauty and truth through years of toil and pain
 Will drop their ripen'd fruit into the heart.

Watch well the vast results of love and hate ;
 It needs much vigilance and sleepless care
 To hide the blots on the past leaves of life,
 And there are more abroad, of such beware.

Thrice bless'd are they who strictly watch their lives,
 Thoughts were not meant for strife, nor tongues for
 swords ;
 And they who kill the heart know not the truth,
 The truly wise know how to use their words.



LITTLE JOHNNIE.

A good-tempered little child is the germ of all that is excellent
 in human nature.



LITTLE golden sunbeam, out upon life's sea ;
 A little wingless angel, full of light and glee ;
 A little playful cherub, grac'd with smiling
 eyes ;
 A little gladd'ning sun in life's uneven skies.





In Memoriam.

MISS KEIGHTLEY, OF OLD HALL,
NEAR KENDAL.*

BORN FEB. 8, 1856, DIED JUNE 11, 1891.

THE warfare is over, brief her life's story,
Well she fulfill'd the grand purpose of life ;
Home is depriv'd of a halo of glory :
Cross her cold hands ; she has ceased from strife.

Meek in her sufferings, patient and lowly,
Write on her tombstone her name plain to read :
Upright she walked in life, and was holy,
Ever was eager to do a good deed.

* It is recorded of her : A gloom was cast over Preston Patrick on Saturday last (June 13, 1891) by the unexpected news of the death of Miss Keightley, of Old Hall. The news was more sad from the fact that the deceased was expected home shortly, and her return had been anticipated with much interest. Miss Keightley had been travelling abroad for the benefit of her health since last September, and it was hoped that she might have returned well. But inflammation of the lungs set in on Thursday week, and Miss Keightley died on Friday morning, near New York, on her voyage home. The people of this neighbourhood may say of Miss Keightley, as was said of Tabitha, "This woman was full of works and alms-deeds which she did." She has won the hearts of young and old by her generous and sympathising conduct.

And, out of her lonely grave,
She bids us this lesson prove :
That the weakest may wipe some tears that flow,
And the strongest power for good below
Is the might of unselfish love.

Those left behind in the unrest of sorrow
 Miss her sweet voice, which is hush'd now and still;
 Light which she gave unto home none can borrow,
 None can her place in the house ever fill.

Keen is the anguish when fond hearts must sever,
 Sever from dear ones affection has won;
 She has ceas'd lab'ring now and forever,
 Gone to receive the Great Captain's "well done."

Trials assail'd, she e'er stood undaunted,
 Always was firm, with her face to the foe;
 True hearts are seldom by wild terrors haunted,
 Wounded sometimes in the road which they go.

None bore more bravely the Cross, sacred banner,
 None were more active than she to do good;
 Those who would conquer must tread in like manner,
 Tread on the path where the mighty have stood.

Adieu, noble lady! work is now ended,
 A better, a purer life is now thine;
 Deeds of the just are with much praise attended,
 Stars in life's firmament ever to shine.



THE SANCTUARY.

St. George's Church, Kendal.

"The Lord is in His holy temple."—PSALM xi. 4.



SOLEMN calm is ever found inside,
 The weary pilgrim, worn and tried, finds rest;
 His thoughts are pleasant, often not express'd—
 The peace he feels the world has e'er denied.

By field and wood, the aged oft repair,
 With sandled feet, at slow and steady pace,
 To meet with God, in His most holy place,
 And breathe awhile a pure, serener air.

Good news is told of the bright land afar,
 With walls and streets of gleaming gems and gold ;
 Fairer than earth's cathedrals vast and old,
 Adorn'd by many an earth-born, radiant star.

The Christian's heart is full of joy, and he
 Delights to hear the Word, from which is fed
 The hungry soul with True and Living Bread :
 A heart contrite is sanctifi'd and free.

To Zion's city and to Hermon's hill,
 Through Syria's isles, the ancient fathers trod,
 And found a resting-place and peace with God,—
 And here is rest and peace serener still.

The Majesty Supreme, the Infinite,
 Speaks through His Word ; He died for each and all ;
 Before Him angels and archangels fall,
 And it is He who made the worlds of light.

One hour, O Lord, within Thy courts is worth
 Ten thousand spent in pleasure and in sin :
 The world's shut out, a glimpse of Heav'n comes in,
 Into the soul, and weans it much from earth.

Wherefore to shun the house of pray'r, O man ?
 It is the hav'n near a blissful home ;
 And all who will are welcome, all may come
 And have the peace the world gives not, nor can.



DR. HARVEY GOODWIN.

THE LATE LORD BISHOP OF CARLISLE.

DIED NOV. 25, 1891, AGED 73 YEARS.

'So He bringeth them unto their desired haven.'—PSALM cvii, 30.

THE shepherd from the sheep has gone,
 And he so watchful, calm, and good ;
 He bravely led his charges on,
 As only a brave shepherd could.

We cannot help but bear in mind
The patient eye, so full of thought ;
The flocks still follow on behind,
And feed from food to them he brought.

The Church is in deep gloom, and yet
His words still live to cheer, and they
Will linger long ; few will forget
The noble chieftain pass'd away.

The voice that taught us what to do
No more in flesh we hear ; but keep
In mind the man, belov'd and true,
The dear, dead one gone from the sheep.

To grace the di'cese, Carlisle will
(Though many good ones may be bid)
Find few so well the place to fill
As Dr. Harvey Goodwin did.

The old cathedral knows no more
The graceful form it often had ;
A home is clouded now and sore,
Struck with stern sorrow, keen and sad.

In Keswick's pleasant land he lies,
The sun will often gild the shrine ;
At home with Christ in Paradise,
He will a glorious spirit shine !



FAITH AND MERCY.



HE hand of Faith is gentle, kind, and plain,
It never knocks at Heaven's door in vain ;
And Mercy is as gentle and as sure
When Faith and Mercy meet at Heaven's door.



THE ANGLER'S
GRAVE.

No stone marks the spot
Where the angler lay ;
The anglers stop there
When going that way.

His rod and his line on the willows were hung,
And many who knew him now mourn him ;
And sweet were the songs he in summer time
sung
When fishes delighted to spurn him.

The sorrow is green like the grass where he's laid,
Not far from the banks of deep water ;
He knew the bright spots, in the sunshine and shade,
Wherein he had often great slaughter.

A home is unhappy, his coat and his creel
Are yet on the pegs where he hung them ;
Not many, like him, such pleasure could feel
When over his shoulder he flung them.

The primroses grow on the angler's mound ;
And he a true sage of the weather ;
The rain seldom stopp'd him or shorten'd his round
'Mongst wand'ring burns and the heather.

The heart of the angler, entwinn'd with the streams,
Now rests in the grave in the valley ;
True worth is a gem, like a sunbeam it gleams,
And brightens the home in an alley.

Bring flow'rs, and let them be bright ones and new,
 Transplant them above where he's sleeping!
 Dame Nature will gently infil them with dew,
 And they'll ever near him be weeping.



THE DEAD PRINCE.

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CLARENCE AND AVONDALE.

BORN JAN. 8, 1864, DIED JAN. 14, 1892.

“And the mighty shall be taken away without hand.”—JOB. xxxiv. 20.

THE wintry landscape lay beneath the snow,
 And it was deep for many miles around;
 No breath of spring nor bird gave joyous sound;
 Across the sky dark heavy clouds roll'd slow,
 When he, old England's future king,
 Lay ill, and those who nigh him stood,
 Who stood around the grac'd, the good,
 Watch'd close, in anxious fears, which bring
 The heart a sore, slow-healing wound.

Waiting to reign, and full of love and life,
 The future seemed big with world-wide sway,
 And flow'ry hope bore blossoms day by day.
 Glory soon turns to dust, with sorrow rife,
 And Fate strikes hard when it comes down;
 It spares no one, nor can the blow
 Avoided be by high or low:
 And he to distant, promis'd crown
 The reaper Death soon bore away.

The nuptial joys we did expect to hymn,
 And to have brought, meant for the bride's delight,
 The fairest flow'rs, soft and virgin white—
 But England's Hope lies dead, and all is dim.

Relentless, cold, and cruel Death
Has rent young Hymen's rosy band,
And love can never stay that hand—
That hand remov'd the bridal wreath,
And silenced the joys once bright.

The nation mourns deep for the love-lorn maid,
The virgin widow, whose heart much hath bled ;
Hers is a love which dies not with the dead ;
The blow falls crushing, yet be not afraid,
There is a life beyond the tomb,
Beyond all wintry loss and pain ;
There wedded souls will smile again
And white-flower'd hope hold safer bloom,
With Death's untimely shadows fled.

And those who watch'd him through dividing years
Are crush'd with grief, the weight we cannot know ;
We know not which is meant by Heav'n's blow.
A thousand isles to day give bitter tears :
A mother mourns her buried love ;
Too soon for her the harvest came,
Too soon was pluck'd the honour'd name,
And planted in the land above,
Where he now waits for those below.

Go, lay him in the age-worn tomb of kings,
And none more innocent are resting there,
His was a blameless life, and now we share
The sorrow which the solemn death-knell brings.
It will be long before the cloud
Is lifted from the palace skies ;
The heart will oft be where he lies
In death's embrace, beneath the shroud,
Before he'd borne the nation's care.





THE DEAD COUPLE.

JAMES AND SARAH SQUIRE, OF ROSE COTTAGE, LEVENS,
WHO DIED JANUARY 3RD AND 7TH, 1892,
AGED 74 AND 73 RESPECTIVELY.

Nothing is safe beneath the sun,
Death puts his mark on mortal form ;
The oak may brave a hundred years,
At last it falls before the storm.

IN manhood's calm he pass'd away to rest,
After a life of usefulness, made bright
By honest toil, which was his chief delight ;
Among the villagers he won his crest.

Winter had scarce begun, the soft white snow
Lay deep on gloomy landscape, far and wide,
When, suddenly, a father paled and died,
And through a happy home roll'd heavy woe.

He died as he had liv'd, hopeful and good,
A patient watcher—till the dawn of light ;
The sunset of his life serene and bright,
Gave sudden grief to those who round him stood.

In four days after he had pass'd away—
The cross was much too heavy for her—and
She follow'd him unto the Spirit Land :
Two children mourn two dear, dead ones to-day.

His greatest love of life was found at home ;
And she who was his cheering star in life
A noble being was—a perfect wife,
And neither cared each from each to roam.

Together in one grave they now are laid,
 Two chairs are empty which none now can fill ;
 The owners are remov'd from future ill :
 Wide is the breach relentless Death has made.

White flow'rs bring and strew them o'er each breast,
 The fragrance tenderly will scent the air,
 Above the two whose lives were pure and fair,
 Now laid at Heversham—there let them rest !



THE DYING POET.

Unheard he sung—none prais'd his song—
 Like some lone bird wild woods among.

“**T**HE casement ope, and let me feel
 The zephyrs from the neighbouring hills ;
 My eyes fail fast, my brain doth reel,
 And yet I hear the sounding rills.
 Is yon the lark with song so low,
 With tunes as faint as far-off bells ?
 I watch'd him soar, not long ago,
 Above the heather-blooming fells.

“ With gentle hands just move my head,
 And let me feast my failing eyes ;
 And, ere the vital spark hath fled,
 Once more behold the azure skies.
 The red, round sun, like me, hath now
 Begun to shape for other lands ;
 I feel a chillness on my brow ;
 It is the wind, with tender hands.

“ Come near me now ; I feel so weak,
 My arms have lost their lifting pow'rs ;
 I feel at rest, so do not speak,
 But let me kiss the lips of flow'rs :

And when my spirit's pass'd away,
 Lay me where stunted bushes wave,
 Where the sweet robin sings his lay—
 With not a stone to mark my grave."

The dews of death came softly down,
 He bade adieu with failing breath ;
 He grasp'd his songs, the poet's crown,
 And soon was laid in icy death.
 His end was peace ; without a storm
 He pass'd away at eventide ;
 The world saw nought save one pale form
 When one of Nature's nobles died.



SUNRISE ON MY NATIVE LAND.

AMBLESIDE.

The moon turns pale, the stars go in
 When day's great king, enwrapp'd in flame,
 With bars of light, and round gold eye,
 Emerges from the eastern hills
 And lights Creation's vast domains.
 The trees and grass are hung with gems
 Left by the storm-king on his way,
 When black-veil'd night stood like a foe,
 Oppos'd the trav'ler in his aim
 To cross the white ribs of the hills.

BEFORE me lay a wild and wasteful world,
 Above huge hills the sun's broad shoulders rise ;
 And night, the cloven hoof of darkness, flies
 When morning's subtle light to all's unfurl'd.

The woods, the drap'ry of awak'ning hills,
 Mellow'd by Autumn's fingers, stand in awe ;
 Beneath the sun's bright gaze the dew-drops glow
 On column'd oaks which shade the splashing ghylls.

O'er wav'ring lengths of upland blue fogs roll,
 Across the bare, bold angles of the rocks,
 Which overhang the grass lands where the flocks
 Are on the watch to hear the shepherd's call.

Through crouching hollows gladsome light doth wend,
 Which gives a clearer view to scenes around ;
 Joys, re-assured, far and near abound ;
 The artist here may thrilling moments spend.

The lake's broad breast displays the morning gleam ;
 Storm-branded hills with dead and dying ferns
 Are red ; and man is glad ; he ev'rywhere discerns,
 When night has pass'd, a bright, adoring theme.

After the Resurrection it will be,
 When we have gather'd wisdom's pearls 'midst strife,
 How grand and true, beyond the night of life,
 Our sun will shine upon the "Jasper Sea."



ELEGY ON LIFE.

Life is a road having many corners. At each corner stands an enemy ready to overcome unarmed travellers.

TIME flew with swift and rosy wings ;
 Before me stood large stores of joy ;
 And shadows were as unknown things ;
 Prospects were bright, without alloy.
 To me life look'd surpassing fair,
 Like Sabbath peace, it flow'd as free ;
 Hearts were in tune, which fill'd the air :
 It was a sunny Spring with me.

Young, faithful hopes with smiles were rife,
 Joy set her throne in light and shade ;
 Keen-edged care, the bane of life,
 Had yet no breach nor havoc made.

The dregs in pleasure's cup were few ;
 The wines of life were mirth and glee ;
 The storms were hush'd ; the skies were blue :
 It was a Summer time with me.

In mem'ry's hall the portraits hung
 Of forms and feature's pass'd away ;
 Receding light of evening flung
 A mournful spirit through decay :
 A darkness thicken'd, and a roar
 Was heard from life's dividing sea ;
 The wrecks of life lay on the shore :
 It was an Autumn time with me.

My soul looks from its bars of sighs ;
 The day drags on its weary length ;
 And om'nous clouds upon the skies
 Of stern existence gather strength.
 Ingratitude its fangs reveal,
 And cold and bare's the human tree ;
 The frosts and snows of life I feel :
 It is a Winter time with me.



BLOW, BLOW, YE WINDS.

Ill winds of life cut keener than
 The winds that rend the skies.

Blow, blow, ye wholesome winds from sunrise seas,
 Sweep the grey, clinging mists from lilled lakes ;
 Blow, moist and chill, across the wastes of brine,
 Drive the harsh rains about, and lash the boughs
 Against the dripping eaves, and then turn round
 Upon the few far clouds in the wide west
 That float from golden, crimson sunset lands,
 And broaden the blue spaces of the heavens,
 And sway the grasses and the mountain pines ;
 Blow, fresh and pure, across the peaks and plains,

And then go to the wild, far Norland snows,
 And winnow steely skies gemm'd with clear stars ;
 Blow, keen and strong, across the naked hills,
 And crisp the lowland pools with crystal films ;
 Blur ev'ry casement square with glittering ice :
 And then turn to the sunny, fragrant south ;
 Awake the bowers of jasmine and of rose ;
 The flow'ring forests touch with gentle wing :
 But do not mar the grave beside the sea ;
 Kiss the green mound where my dead mother lies.



FOUND DEAD.

'Tis nought but cant for snobs to preach
 Who care not much the soul to reach,
 And let the conscience sleep.
 Awake, O man ! awake ! awake !
 There's much to do, and souls at stake,
 O man, what will ye reap ?

HE started life with cultur'd mind,
 A brilliant intellect was his,
 Rare business qualities he had ;
 Success and honour gave much joy ;
 Friends came with admonitions, and,
 Adorn'd by nature with a form
 To please, he seem'd well to do.
 Yet, when the least suspected, he
 The path of rectitude forsook :
 He lost the good name he had won,
 And the position which he held :
 A smarting conscience lash'd his soul
 And drove him deeper into woe.
 Disown'd by friends, car'd for by none,
 The parsons could do him no good,
 They tried, but it was all in vain ;
 He lost esteem and self-respect ;
 With intellect in ruins, he
 Lay on a mattress one cold night,
 And, lonely, like a dog, he died.



WELCOME

TO H.R.H. THE PRINCESS LOUISE, MARCHIONESS OF
LORNE,

ON THE OPENING OF THE ARTS, CRAFTS, AND LOAN EXHIBITION,
HELD IN THE DRILL HALL, KENDAL, AUG. 27, 1891.

TUNE—*“The Fairest of a noble Line.”*

THE event will live in the years yet unborn,
Old Kendal will ever be glad of the fame ;
Not often there is such a light to adorn
The borough with such an illustrious name ;
Not half of the pleasures will ever be told,
The country re-echoes her name near and far ;
The people accept her, right glad to behold
The borough illumin'd by a brilliant star.

Chorus.

Then frankly receive her, Kendalians, be glad,
Old England's fair daughter may not come again :
Her mother is Queen ; this country never had
A more noble one, nor more prosperous reign.

With keenest emotions, and heighten'd by love,
She comes to assist, to give joyance to all ;
Her presence is power, 'twill ardently move
The eye and the heart where her footsteps shall fall.
The ties of attachment will ever be strong,
The hearts of the people are loyal and true ;
The banner of freedom has flourished long,
And ev'ryone's proud of the red, white, and blue.

With true, noble greatness of womanhood, she
Disdains not Old Kendal, and ere she departs
From it, ev'ryone is determin'd to see
Her open the hall of the Loans, Crafts, and Arts.
With heartfelt “ God bless her's ” on ev'ry tongue,
Long may she live to come to us again ;
The people adore her, the old and the young,
Beneath the bright sway of Victoria's reign.



WISDOM BY THE WAY.

BY JAMES HOGGARTH.



How bright the gems of Wisdom shine !
And more than coronets are they
To all who stoop to gather them,—
And many can be had to-day.
O glorious gems ! O blessed words !
Ye fill the soul with precious balm ;
Undimmed by dust-issuing rays
Amid the whirl of storm, or calm.



IGNORANCE, if persisted in, makes a chain so strong
that it drags its owner to destruction.



A house, however grand and smart,
Does not keep out a sleepless night ;
A gilded room, however bright,
Doth often hold a heavy heart.



Selfishness, when once within a place,
Destroys the peace of rich and poor ;
It cannot be again secure
When selfishness once shows its face.

Whenever we meet with a man who is remarkably ungrateful for kindness received, we may infer that there is no true religion in him.

Faith lifts the soul aloft. It is a provident, wise grace, arousing the soul and making it bethink how it may live in another world.

When a body knows a body and that body's poor,
Should a body snub a body, shun that body's door?

Industry, guided by patience and perseverance, makes a golden key to open the door of prosperity.

Choosing our own way in going through life means to depend on our own strength. It is like a straw set on end, the first storm of wind blows it down.

The continual dropping of water fills the bucket, so the continual taking of intoxicating liquor makes the drunkard.

An honest man, however poor and contented with his lot in life, is a noble being, who can suit his circumstances to his temper; but he is a more noble being who can suit his temper to his circumstances.

Riches and a high position in life, in many cases, make a hard, obdurate, unfeeling mind; and the possessor of them often wonders why the poor should be so much in want.

To lie at the feet of Christ is to stand above the world.

Self-denial for the good of others is pure unselfishness, not often gaining the applause of the world.

Virtue is like glass, the least flaw in it will spoil it.

He who indulges in anger, whips and torments himself.

Drunkenness is the fiend who slays sobriety.

Sympathy is the music that soothes affliction and sorrow.

The keen edge of poverty cuts the soul into sober and solid thoughts.

A key constantly used keeps bright and easily opens the lock, so prayer, often and faithfully repeated, keeps the Christian safely on his way.

Friendship once broken may be pieced, but the rupture is like a nail pulled out of wood, it leaves a mark.

The Christian may be shaken by sorrow, but not overcome. It is the canker at the heart of the tree that destroys it, and not the storms which beat against it.

Modesty is sensitive, and like a shy virgin, dislikes to be observed.

The light of day shines into our hearts not for to-day's sake only, but to fit us for the light of an eternal day.

Faith lays hold of God for present needs ; hope, for the future glory.

Prudence and love of a good character, when strictly adhered to, restrain men from running into an open course of sin.

Wealth gathered into a heap by the avaricious produces a stink like a muck heap, and does no good until it is spread.

To approach an irritable and suspicious disposition, is like a person walking through a glass house ; he has to be careful how he goes or there is a breakage.

The seas are never full with all the rivers running into them, so the truths of Holy Writ remain the same after all the opinions of the world have attacked them.

To appear religious for the sake of keeping up respectability in the eyes of the world is a fit emblem of the hypocrite. Playing with Christianity admits no one into Paradise.

Life is a prophecy and a hope ; and the greatest of miseries, as the Apostle said, is to set bounds to this hope, to cramp it within any limits that the present suggests to us.

When the Devil tempts you, point to Christ on Calvary, and you will see how fast he runs away.

A reckless self-will overruns itself, being too fast for thought.

To pick holes in a person's character is sure evidence that there is a rent in our own.

Deceit is like a white cloth spread over a pitfall, it lets all in who tread on it.

Adversity is a stern master, whipping stubborn mortals into subjection.

Which of us can say that he would really be the gainer in the esteem of his best friend, if he were seen just as he is, with all his defects standing out in their baldness.

Hope, or its symbol, is an anchor of the soul, which fastens it to that which lies out of sight, as firmly as the hawser fastens a ship to the visible dock.

To try to know the character of some persons is like descending into a deep, dark well, the further you proceed the darker it becomes, and a live asp may be lurking at the bottom.

A well-balanced temper, like the sun, may at times be clouded, but when it looks through the rifts of life and sorrow, it is with power giving warmth and cheerfulness wherever its influence is felt.

Sincerity, like the sun, does not belong to mortals.

Self-praise is an attempt to fill ourselves with nothing.

Death to the righteous is the golden door that opens into a brilliant home of endless joy.

The man who hides the faults of others and takes to his own, possesses a virtue which every one should have.

Money settling on the soul, like dust settling upon glass, is useless, and does no good.

He who goes through life without sympathy for a person poorer than himself, is a cold, selfish mortal who walks to his own funeral.

Old age is the twilight of time, and with some the sun of life sets in exquisite beauty, as on a calm summer evening after a beautiful clear day.

If, after a long life, you have only won one soul for Christ, it will in the Day of Judgment give you purer joy than the sway and wealth of a mighty kingdom.

Dispense with fear, and let faith have the sway—
Spiritual faith is best on life's rough way ;
And if you wish to gain the realms above,
You must have faith and also must have love.

A cold, formal profession of religion, like an effigy, is easily kept up.

Childhood and old age are two unequal weights in life and can never be balanced.

The proud who glory in their shame are like a reckless mariner drifting among shoals, and are soon wrecked.

Poetry is the drapery of imagination, the thoughts being the threads, and fancy the colourer.

You cannot strike a downward blow without lifting your arm, neither can you make an advance in life without stooping to rise higher.

Knowledge can only be acquired little by little, and, like the snowflakes accumulating upon the mountain, may in time form an avalanche and roll down on a wondering world.

Going aimlessly through life, leaving all to chance, is like a person blindfolded going without a guide near to a burning mountain which may at any moment be the means of his destruction.

You are sent into the world upon trial, and life being a warfare, at the period of responsibility weapons are ready for you, and with them you can conquer the enemy; but if you refuse to take them, after being urged to do so, you decide for yourself and forever to which side you belong.

Ignorance is the black cloth of humanity, and everybody has a piece of it.

Truth and justice are divine weapons offered to mortals to slay the passions.

The best and safest way to keep a church together is for its members to practice purity and peace.

Plunging deliberately into vice, expecting to find pleasure, is like a wasp going into a pot containing honey, whose doom is certain unless timely rescued.

“Don’t care” is a mischievous thing,
It oft destroys much good in life,
And, like “I won’t,” embitters love;
It makes an opening out for strife.

Those who scoff at the Christian trample on redemption, assault spiritual truths and revelation, and in the end eat their own words.

An amiable and sensible woman has no vanity. With much thinking, little speaking, and much hearing she becomes wise, and is able to give good opinions and gentle encouragement to others.

If you drop a pin upon the grass you will hear no sound, but you may find the pin; so it is with a kind word dropped into the heart in the time of sorrow; you may not then hear the sound from the good you have done, but you may discover it afterwards.

The starting point of a man's success in life is good health on a sound physical basis.

Envy and covetousness are near relatives, and, like an idiot, have no reason.

If you wish to gain respect, be prudent, honest, and never speak well of yourself.

Looking into other persons' affairs and overlooking our own is like making a net to catch ourselves in, thus bringing us into trouble.

Prayer, like Jacob's ladder, reaches from earth to heaven, and, like the descending angels upon it, the message from above comes in blessings or glad tidings.

The most beautiful flowers without the influence and genial rays of the sun would droop their heads and look unlovely; and so it is with human nature, if good humour were absent, all would look cold and wretched.

Earthly possessions, whether great or small,
There is no safe place we can hold them in;
And they may any moment slip from us,
Or we from them, and then whose will they be?
We bruise and pierce ourselves with many cares
For treasure someone else will grasp with joy.
The manna gather'd by the Jews of old
Stank in their nostrils when too much was got,
And thus to many too much gather'd wealth
May at the Judgment Day reveal a curse.

Time is portions cut off from eternity, and eternity is the life-time of the Almighty.

Laziness has no desire to prepare for a rainy day in the time of harvest, and it moves so slowly that poverty soon overtakes it.

Narrowness of mind may suit many purposes in life, but it is a most difficult matter to open out a narrow mind to sound views on religion.

I had much rather be respected and looked up to while living than have a cart-load of flowers strewn upon my grave.

Creation shows the hand of God
In earth, and air, and sea ;
Redemption shows His heart, and it
Has bled for you and me.

The blood is freely flowing yet,
Through all time it will flow ;
And whosoever comes are wash'd
Much whiter than the snow.

A long, elaborate, uninviting discourse not one in ninety cares about nor understands, and it is like a person travelling, when the sun is shining, through a forest of tall trees which he cannot climb and is unable to grasp their shadows.

The most complicated and wonderful machine in the world is man ; and his character woven by a free will is for good and evil in life, and, if unchanged in the hour of death, it will in eternity remain for ever the same in the sight of God.

It is a poor, withered, songless, soulless existence that has arrived at old age without giving a thought to the life beyond.

Ill nature freezes the affections; it is cold and uncomfortable to be in its presence, and we feel as if we could do with a little more coal on.

Whatever you do, never borrow trouble. It can at any time be had for nothing; the lender will gladly let you have it, asking no questions; he will never ask you for the return of the loan, not even if you could pay it back with much interest. The wisest course to pursue is never to trouble trouble till trouble troubles you.

Residing amid grand surroundings, showing off to advantage, and yet in a false position when unmasked, the falsehood has a greater effect than reality, arousing in the minds of honest people feelings of indignation that so much pleasure has been received by the unworthy at the expense of others.

Whenever you see a thriftless working man spending his time and money at the ale-bench, you may take it for granted that in nine cases out of ten he is on the broad road to the poor-house, and, if he live long enough, he will enter it one day with a heavy heart, and be coldly received and owned by no one.

After you have set your mind upon wealth, position, or fame, and though you may pile much gold on the dizzy heights of success, and be talked about by many near and far, you may in the end find that your life has been a dismal failure, with the loss of your immortal soul.

Lust, when fondled, kindles a fire in the soul not so easily put out.

The best and safest remedy for sane persons in their progress through life, when confronted with sorrow, trial, and affliction, is the grand, "old, old story" of the Cross found in the grand old, old Book.

If you live in a little house with a small competency, content with your lot in life, travelling Zion-ward, you are much better off than those who dwell in spacious mansions, with large fortunes, who do not know how to spend their time in a profitable manner, and are vain and wretched; you may depend upon it many a heavy heart passes along in a gilded carriage.

Most sad is the condition of a young man who is destitute of lofty ideals, whose sky is no higher than the house ceiling, and whose single aim is to look smart; who chatters for the sake of being heard, whose mouth is often full of foul language, and whose whole life is concentrated in ignoble, vain egotism. If there is mirth or pleasure in this, it is worse than madness, from which any sensible and thoughtful young man should turn with horror.

Pitiable beyond expression it is to find old people who have never made much progress in knowledge, who have lived careless and indifferent lives, and seldom darkened the door of a place of worship except at a funeral or a christening. Such persons do not represent the true dignity of age; they have dropped behind on the road when they ought to have gone forward, and have thus missed their opportunities of becoming useful actors on the stage of life; their faculties have fallen into decay simply through want of exercise.

The supreme lesson of history is—that a dry crust and a clear conscience towards God and man are more to be desired than much wealth with an aching heart.

Seeking after virtue and determining to pursue it as a star of glory brings much tranquility to the seeker and shows his goodness of heart.

To be regardless about what the harvest of the soul will be at the close of life is cowardly and base, and destitute of all that is true, great, and grand.

A person persevering in iniquity and dying in it cannot join “the general assembly and church of the first-born above.” An unrenewed spirit in Paradise would be out of its element, like a fish in a tree.

Happiness may be found in physical toil; it is not harmful nor worthless, but beneficial; neither is it spending yourself in vain to give yourself a maximum number of services for the good of others.

Unchanging our opinions might sometimes lead us into mistakes, and we should seldom or ever be charitable enough to overlook the erroneous opinions or mistakes of others.

A river is wider and has more water in it when near to the sea into which it runs than at the source; so it is with the grace of God—it is broader and brighter to the true Christian when near to the Celestial City than it was when he first commenced his journey to it.

Hesitating to do good when it is within easy reach causes a golden opportunity to slip by, which might have brightened a dark spot in life.

Those who fritter away life in fashionable frivolity, live, as it were, near to a hornet's nest, and are often stung.

Gather up as many of the gems of life as possible—beauty, friendship, love, truth, honesty, piety, and temperance—and make them speak to your soul about the Giver of all things.

There is not a more beautiful picture than that of a pretty child falling asleep with flowers in its hand ; it is an emblem of the true Christian passing into eternity with forgiveness—the beautiful passion flower of God.

Sometimes the preacher feels perplexed and disconcerted to approach so many stages of spirituality and insensibility. Truth is a simple message, and yet it requires a powerful form of address to win souls in various stages of feeling.

When you have gathered wisdom's pearls and scattered them to others, and engraved the truths upon their hearts, you will need no monumental marble, after you have crossed life's tempestuous sea, to let people know what you were.

The Sun of Righteousness, or the religion of Christ, hallows all circumstances, sheds its rays over the troubles and sorrows of life, brightens the pathway of the pilgrims in their progress through the Valley of the Shadow, and gives much of Heaven's peace and calm.

The future is as impregnable to man as the rock is to a child.

Determined to make our future efforts more efficient, we recognise our merits and defects.

Christ commenced his public ministry at a wedding, not at a funeral, to show us that religion is not gloomy.

Living without hope is like sending a dismantled ship on to the wild ocean, to be lost in the fury of the storm.

It is much better to acquire mental culture by determination and self-help than to be suspended like the sloth.

It is more desirable to have no friend than to have one who keeps close to you, like your shadow, in the gleam of prosperity, but when you pass into the shade of adversity instantly deserts you.

When a worthy and toil-worn labourer drops out of the ranks of life, his fellows gather around him to mourn their loss; then dashing the tears from their eyes, they struggle on in the march to eternity, frequently not caring much about the journey's end.

If you give your best flowers to a friend—civility, kindness, gentleness, generous actions, pleasant conversation—and hide your defects from him, you will find that, sooner or later, they will spring into view, like the stinging nettle, to be not only seen but felt.

It takes an heroic soul to be noble ;
It ever hides the faults of others ;
In poverty 'tis an ornament and grace :
Whoever has it, 'tis not anothers.

Those who brood over trifles, or take them to heart,
make their pathway in life zigzag and laborious to travel
on, and get many a slip.

If you could clearly see into the hearts of men, you
would behold their defects standing further out than
their virtues.

“Ye are citizens of a great city.” It is unworthy of
any man who is a member of this vast and far-reaching
empire, whose rule is world-wide, to be indifferent to his
position as a citizen. It is the duty of every man who
possesses the franchise to exercise it to the best of his
judgment.





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